THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

SERIES THE THIRD.

Vol. XVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1809. *No. I.*

ART. I.—*A Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain, commanded by his Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, K.B. &c. &c. &c. Authenticated by official Papers, and original Letters. By James Moore, Esq. 4to. pp.* 324. Johnson. 1809.

THIS narrative is drawn up by one of the brothers of the late much lamented Sir John Moore. Sir J. Moore himself is said to have composed a regular journal of his proceedings; and to have preserved every official paper or letter of importance which he received, as well as copies of those which he wrote. The reader, therefore, may reasonably expect in the present work to find a fair, circumstantial, and accurate account of the late campaign in the peninsula, together with the causes of its failure, and the gross mismanagement in the Spanish councils, to which it may be ascribed.—The Spanish Juntas in the different provinces, appear for the most part, to have taken measures rather to paralyse, than to excite the enthusiasm of the people. Even the arms and ammunition, &c., which were sent in such profusion from this country, were rather reserved as if they were the property of individuals, or treacherously kept back, as if intended for the use of the French, than distributed judiciously and opportunely among the patriots. Thus the army of Romana was left destitute of every necessary; notwithstanding the abundant supplies which were forwarded by this country for their relief.

The following is part of the account which lieutenant-colonel Symes sent to Sir David Baird of the state of Romana's army, which he was instructed to ascertain.

'I had an opportunity,' says the colonel, 'of inspecting the arms of the general's guard, which were extremely imperfect; the springs and locks do not often correspond: either the main spring was too weak for the feather-spring, or the feather-spring too weak to produce certain fire from the hammer. I tried sixteen; of this number only six had bayonets, and these were short and bad. The ammunition pouches were not proof against rain: the clothing of the soldiers was motley, and some were half naked.—It is morally impossible that they can stand before a line of French infantry. A portion of at least one third of the Spanish muskets will not explode; and a French soldier will load and fire his piece with precision three times before a Spaniard can fire his twice.'

When Sir John Moore reached Nogales in his retreat to Corunna, he found between thirty and forty waggons with stores which were proceeding to the army of Romana. Thus the Junta of Galicia left that army in want of every necessary till the French were rapidly advancing, when they forwarded a portion of stores which were more likely to be intercepted by the enemy, than to reach the professed object of their destination.—Though Romana was in want of ammunition as well as arms, yet when Sir John Moore arrived at Corunna he found a magazine of not less than four thousand barrels of gunpowder which had been sent from England for the use of the Spanish troops, but which had been withheld from that purpose by the blackest treachery.

The Central Junta appears to have consisted principally of superannuated nobles, without spirit or capacity; who were afraid of giving a popular impulse to the cause which they affected to espouse. Instead of assembling the CORTES, and thus kindling the enthusiasm of liberty throughout the country, their only object seemed to be to keep the people sunk in their antient ignorance and servitude; and to govern in the name of the absent Ferdinand.—Morla, who was one of the men of the greatest talent among them, appears to have sold himself and his country to Buonaparte, and did all which he could to betray the English army into his hands.—Thus, while Morla was making every effort to repress the enthusiastic resistance which seemed on the point of breaking out against the enemy at Madrid, he wrote at the same time to Sir John Moore that the capital would soon be defended by an army of forty thousand men, and that his co-operation with the patriots would be sufficient to repress all the efforts of the French. Mr. Frere, who is supposed to have been grossly deceived by the artifices of Morla, urged Sir John Moore to advance to the capital with as much eagerness as Morla himself. Mr. Frere was at the same time, so incautious as to

make a French refugee of the name of Charmilly, the bearer of his confidential communications to Sir John Moore.—And nothing can show the consummate prudence of the English commander more than the wariness of his behaviour towards this intriguing emigrant. The artful Frenchman expected no doubt to insinuate himself into the confidence of the general, as he had into that of the minister.

When Madrid was on the point of capitulating, Mr. Frere receives at Talavera, to which place he had fled with the Junta, a visit from this colonel Charmilly, who informs him that the spirit and resolution of the people to defend the capital exceeded the possibility of description.—Mr. Frere accordingly dispatches the trusty Gaul to the English general with this important intelligence. Colonel Charmilly, the bearer of Mr. Frere's letter, pressed vehemently to see Sir John Moore;

'*asserting that he had important communications to make.* Sir John at length came out from an inner apartment, and questioned him upon the intelligence he brought. The colonel described in lofty terms the patriotic zeal with which all ranks of persons at Madrid were animated. The whole inhabitants of the city, he said, were in arms, and had united with the troops. The streets were barricaded; batteries were erecting all round; the peasants were flocking to the capital; and, in fine, *the enthusiasm was unexampled.*'

At the very time when this loquacious gentleman delivered this account of the popular effervescence at Madrid, we think it highly probable that he was actually acquainted with the peaceable entry of the French into the city;—or at least, with the determination of Morla and others to oppose no resistance to the enemy. The French obtained possession of Madrid on the 4th, and Charmilly left Talavera about the same time; and is it likely that he should pass from Talavera to Salamanca without, at least, hearing some rumours of that event from the numerous fugitives who left the city when it was about to be surrendered to the enemy?

It appears from various letters of Sir John Moore himself that he had despaired of a successful termination to the expedition on which he was sent, long before the citizens of Madrid consented to surrender that place to the French.—He had not long had an opportunity of observing the apathy of the people and the imbecile measures of the government, when he was convinced that the independence of Spain must succumb under the unjust but vigorous aggression of Bonaparte.--The Supreme Junta took not one patriotic step to enlighten the people; nor to energize their efforts in the

defence of the national liberty. The great instrument, which modern times have employed for the support of liberty and the subversion of despotism—a FREE PRESS, was neglected by the ignorance, the selfishness, and impolicy of this jealous oligarchy. For, though the press had, before the constitution of the Central Junta, enjoyed a portion of liberty which had been favourable to the excitement of the popular enthusiasm in the province of Andalusia, which was followed by the defeat of Dupont, and the capture of his army, yet this executive council of thirty-six had no sooner assumed the reins of government, than they passed an edict to subject the press to the restrictions under which it had been placed during the *old regime*.

Hence Sir John Moore found that the people, instead of taking any interest in the cause which he was sent to support, seemed disposed to acquiesce in the usurpation of the French.—The Junta, as if they thought that Bonaparte possessed as little talent or courage as themselves, took no pains to collect nor to organize any force capable of making effectual resistance to the armies of France. Even the force which they had, they did not employ to any useful purpose. They divided it into detachments and placed them at such a distance from each other that they could not act in concert.—Thus they suffered their armies, such as they were, to be beaten in detail; and to be dispersed or slaughtered like a flock of sheep by a mastiff.

Sir John Moore was anxious to form a deliberate plan of operations with a commander in chief of the Spanish forces; but no such person was to be found. The Junta had not appointed any commander in chief, and this was a constant subject of regret to the English general.—Thus the different armies acted without any system, and received no vigorous impulse from a common centre of wisdom and of valor.—When the armies of Blake and of Castanos were annihilated by the overwhelming force of the French, nothing seemed to remain for Sir John Moore but to retreat, and not to expose his troops to be slaughtered *without any possible benefit to the common cause*. His first design, and that which he appears all along most to have approved was to retire upon Portugal; and, thence, if necessary, to proceed to Cadiz, and to prolong the war in Andalusia, where the public opinion was most enlightened and the French were likely to experience most resistance. But the importunities of Mr. Frere and the false intelligence which he received respecting the determination of the citizens of Madrid to perish rather than

to submit to the conqueror, caused him to deviate from his original design, and to make one effort, though he foresaw that it would be little else but desperate, to cause a diversion in favour of the Spaniards, and to draw off a part of that mass of force which threatened the south of Spain, after the surrender of the capital.

That the first resolution of Sir John Moore to withdraw into Portugal was the wisest which *in his circumstances* could have been embraced, was proved not merely by the event, but by the opinion of Bonaparte, that it was the measure which he would actually embrace. An enemy of such quick and intuitive glance as Napoleon can often judge what conduct would be best for his adversary; and the respect, which the French emperor seems to have entertained for the military talents of Sir John Moore, made him believe that he would certainly adopt his first resolution of retiring into Portugal as the safest course which he could pursue. But when the great captain of the French found that Sir John had adopted the most gallant, but the least prudent, part of moving forward, to threaten the communications of Bonaparte with France, that wily chief resolved, if possible, to draw him into a snare.—Soult was stationed at Saldanha in order to decoy him to his ruin, while Bonaparte himself made a feint of proceeding to the south, when, rapidly changing his route he endeavoured to push a superior force between the English and the sea. The British general was not made acquainted with the retrograde movement of Bonaparte, by the Junta, nor by Mr. Frere, nor by Colonel Charmilly, the confidential agent of the British minister, but by the Marquis Romana; and if Sir John had received this intelligence about twenty-four hours later than he did, his whole army must inevitably have been sacrificed.

The Spanish government appear from the letters of Sir John Moore, not only most industriously to have concealed all knowledge of their real situation from their ally; but as far as possible, to have deceived him by exaggerating their strength, which was weakness, and their victories, which always turned out to be defeats.—The following letter from the English general to one of his brothers, which is dated Salamanca, Nov. 26, 1808, shews the thoughts which he then entertained of the critical situation in which he was placed. This letter, it must be recollected, was written before the surrender of Madrid, and even before Sir John was acquainted with the defeat of Castanos.

'Upon entering Spain I have found affairs in a very different state from what I expected, or from what they are thought to be in England.

'I am in a scrape, from which God knows how I am to extricate myself. But, instead of Salamanca, this army should have been assembled at Seville. The poor Spaniards deserve a better fate, for they seem a fine people; but have fallen into hands who have lost them by their apathy and ******. The Junta, jealous of their generals, gave them no power; but kept them at the head of separate armies, each independent of the other. Thus they have prevented any union of action. They took no pains to recruit the armies, or to furnish them with arms and clothing. In short, during the interval that the French were weak, they did nothing either to overpower them before their reinforcements arrived, or to meet them with superior numbers when reinforced.

'When I marched into this country, in three divisions, from Corunna, Lisbon, and round by Madrid, instead of finding any army to cover the junction of the three corps, until our supplies and stores came up, which were necessary to enable us to act, I found that the Spanish armies were placed on each flank of the French; one in Biscay, and the other on the river Alagon; at such a distance as to be able to give no sort of support to each other, or to combine their movements; and leaving it also in the power of the French to attack either army with their whole force, as soon as they were ready. They accordingly attacked Blake, and have completely dispersed his army. Officers and men are flying in every direction. Many of them have passed this. They also got a corps, called the Estremadura army, beat at Burgos: where they sent it, without any motive, close to the strength of the French. I was desired to correspond with Castanos, and combine my movements with him; but as I began my correspondence, he was suspended, and the Marquis Romana named to the chief command, but who, when I last heard, was at Santandro. I am in no correspondence with any of their generals or armies. I know not their plans, or those of the Spanish government. No channels of information have been opened to me; and, as yet a stranger, I have been able to establish no certain ones for myself. The enemy are at Valladolid, in what force I cannot make out; and I have my junction to make with Baird whose whole force will not be at Astorga until the fifth of December, and with Hope, who will be at Arevola about the same time.

'Castanos and Palafox have about forty thousand men, mostly undisciplined peasants, upon the Ebro and Alagon. And this is all the Spaniards have to oppose 100,000 French troops. The provinces are not armed, and as to enthusiasm I have seen no marks of it. That the Spaniards must be driven from Madrid is inevitable; they have no force to resist. When they will bring up, or if they will bring up at all, I cannot guess. In this province, and throughout Old Castile, there is no mark of any intention to make any effort.

'The French cavalry are overrunning the plains, raising contributions, to which the people submit without resistance. There may be more character in other parts. Enthusiasm, and an obstinate determination not to submit to the French yoke, may do much. But

even in this case the government has been improvident; arms, ammunition, and other means are wanting. The probability, therefore, is, that the French will succeed; and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up, after the first effort, to take advantage of the impulse and of the enthusiasm which then existed. I understand all is fear and confusion at Madrid. Tell James it is difficult to judge at a distance. The Spaniards have not shewn themselves a wise or a provident people. Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action; but still they are a fine people; a character of their own quite distinct from other nations; and much might have been done with them. Perhaps they may rouse again. Pray for me that I may make right decisions; if I make bad ones, it will not be for want of consideration. I sleep little, it is now only five in the morning; and I have concluded, since I got up, this long letter.

Your affectionate brother,

'JOHN MOORE.'

At the time when the French were advancing rapidly to Madrid with an army of eighty thousand men, Mr. Frere conceived that their force amounted only to about eleven thousand. In the letter, in which Mr. Frere exhibits this estimate of the French force, as well as in others, he presumes to give his opinion on the military movements of the commander in chief in a way which was very little consistent with his situation, and very derogatory to the dignity of the English general. In one of his letters, p. 95, he has the temerity to tell Sir John to call a council of war; and for what purpose? that the emigrant Frenchman, Colonel Charmilly, may be examined before them. Here the author of this narrative very justly observes that Mr. Frere

'attempts to controul the commander of the forces; and seems to have expected to compel him, by a council of war, to obey, even against his will.'

Though Sir John felt, as he well might, no small degree of indignation at this impertinent interference of Mr. Frere with his military duties, he still answers his letters in a tone of calmness and moderation very honourable to his character. Sir John was very unwilling that the public cause should be injured by their individual disputes. In his letter to Mr. Frere dated Salamanca, December 6th, 1808, Sir John says,

'I shall abstain from any remark upon the two letters from you, delivered to me last night, and this morning by Colonel Charmilly, or on the message which accompanied them. I certainly at first did feel, and expressed much indignation, at a person like him, being made the channel of a communication of that sort from you to me. Those feelings are at an end; and I dare say they never will be

excited towards you again. If Mr. Charmilly is your friend, it was, perhaps, natural for you to employ him: but I have prejudices against all that class; and it is impossible for me to put any trust in him. I shall, therefore, thank you not to employ him any more in any communication with me.'

We have already mentioned the base attempt of Morla, after he had secretly conspired to open the gates of Madrid to Buonaparte, to betray the English army into the power of the enemy. Morla was seconded in this attempt by another traitor stiled *il Principe de Castelfranco*. These perfidious persons wrote a common letter to Sir John in order to precipitate him into the gulph which they were preparing for his destruction. We are told by the author that the signature of this prince of Castelfranco was 'written with a steady hand; but that Thomas Morla's appears to have trembled in signing his infamy.'

After the capture of Madrid the Junta of Toledo wrote to Sir John Moore that they were resolved to *defend that city to the last extremity*, and to *die in defence of their country*. But, instead of dying, or even making the slightest resistance, a small French corps no sooner appeared than this patriotic Junta fled with precipitation.

'Few generals,' says the author, 'have been entangled with so many embarrassments as Sir John Moore; who not only had to contend with the distrust of the Spanish government, always exaggerating their resources, and concealing or glossing over their disasters, but also to guard against the secret plots of unsuspected traitors hid in the bosom of the Junta. While the British minister, instead of assisting him with correct information, perplexed him with false intelligence, harrassed him with vexatious missions, and thwarted him with pertinacious requisitions.'

One of the few circumstances which occur in this work, at all honourable to the Spanish character is the following, which we notice with considerable satisfaction. It is extracted from the journal of Sir John Moore.

'Lord Proby was at Tordesillas reconnoitering, when a patrole of French cavalry came into the town. They stayed some time, every man in the town knew that Proby was there, for he had been two days among them; yet not a man betrayed him. And when the cavalry left the place, and his lordship came into the street, they all testified their satisfaction, and declared that though they had no arms, they would have died rather than have allowed him to be taken.'

Had as little treachery existed in the junta as in this town of Tordesillas, affairs might have taken a more favourable turn, both with respect to the British army, and to Spain.

On the 14th of December, while Sir John Moore was at Alaejos, he received a dispatch which had been intercepted from Marshal Berthier, prince de Neuchatel, to Marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia, which was of considerable importance, and made him acquainted with the *actual state* of Madrid, of which neither Mr. Frere nor the Junta had sent him any intelligence. In this letter we find that it was the opinion of the greatest generals in the French service that Sir John Moore would certainly fall back upon Lisbon. It at the same time shews that the French emperor when he trusts his generals with any important mission does not fetter them by instructions which can never, at a distance, be accommodated to places and events, but leaves all that ought to be left to the good sense and discretion of an able general, without suffering any political diplomatists to interfere with the military operations, or to blame and endeavour to contravene the resolutions of the commander.

'A la distance ou vous vous trouvez, (says Berthier to Soult), de nous, Monsieur le Duc, *vous ne pouvez vous conduire que par vous meme*, et regarder tout ce que je vous écris a un si grand eloignement, comme une direction générale.

'Let Marshal Berthier's letter,' says the author of this work, 'be compared with Mr. Frere's. The instructions contained in the former are perspicuous, and the language is concise and polite. And though Marshal Soult only commanded a detached corps, he is left with ample discretionary powers, and free from the fetters of diplomatic men. But, what above all things merits imitation, the best information which had been received, is sent him, and the state of affairs is fairly described, neither exaggerating, nor disguising the truth. It thence appears that the correspondence between public officers in France is of an opposite nature from the pompous bulletins. The latter are intended to deceive the vulgar, the former to instruct their officers. And the French are too wise politicians to suppose that successful means can be founded on false information.'

It was on the afternoon of the 23d of December, 1808, that Sir John Moore received the note from the Marquis Romana, which announced the advance of the enemy from Madrid, and determined the English general to relinquish the attack on Soult, which would have taken place the following day. The author gives the following account of the plan, which was adopted at this juncture by Buonaparte.

'The particulars were disclosed by his movements; but exact information has also been obtained through major Napier, of the 50th regiment. This officer at the battle of Corunna was stabbed in the body by a bayonet, and wounded in the head by a sword, yet he defended his life till quarter was promised him. When a pri-

soner, he was treated most handsomely by the duke of Dalmatia. He dined with Marshal Ney frequently, who as well as general la Borde, the chief of l'etat major and other officers of rank, frankly told him the design and sentiments of the emperor. When Buonaparte received intelligence that the British were moving to the Duero, he said, 'Moore is the only general now fit to contend with me; I shall advance against him in person.' Orders were then sent to the duke of Dalmatia to give way, if attacked, and to decoy the British to Burgos, or as far eastward as possible; and at the same time to push on a corps towards Leon, on their left flank. And should they attempt to retreat, he was ordered to impede this by every means in his power. The corps on the road to Badajos was stopt, and ordered to proceed towards Salamanca; while he himself moved rapidly with all the disposable force at Madrid and the Escurial, directly to Benevente. Neither Buonaparte, nor any of his generals had the least doubt of surrounding the English with between sixty and seventy thousand men before they could reach Galicia.'

It is evident that Buonaparte entertained a high respect for the talents of Moore, as well as for the valour of the British, for he brought against them the whole of the disposable force which he had in Spain. He

'marched from Madrid on the 18th, in person, with an army consisting of thirty-two thousand infantry, and eight thousand cavalry. The advanced guard of this cavalry passed through Tordesillas on the 24th, the same day the van of the British left Sahagun; and both moved to the same point—Benevente. There was another corps on the road to Badajos commanded by the duke of Dantzic; this had advanced to Talavera de la Reina; and had pushed on as far as Arzo-Bispo, in pursuit of the Spanish general Galuzo. This was likewise counter-marched, and was directed towards Salamanca. Even the division under the duke of Trevise which was proceeding to Saragossa was stopped, and the long-meditated vengeance against that heroic city was deferred.'

While Buonaparte was rapidly proceeding against the British, not one movement was made by the Spanish armies, notwithstanding all the pompous professions of the junta to impede his progress. The Spaniards indeed appear to have furnished the French with the supplies which they refused to their allies. During the passage of the French over the mountains, the armed peasantry might have greatly molested them on their march, have hung on their flanks, cut off their stragglers, impeded their supplies, and thrown a variety of difficulties in their way. But the conduct of the Spaniards was such as facilitated the plans of their foes rather than of their friends. The Spaniards, who had been armed by the generosity of this country, never fired a musket at a Frenchman,

'and often fled from their houses at the approach of the English; barring their doors and carrying off mules, carts, oxen, forage, and provisions, in short, whatever could lessen the distresses, or contribute to the comfort of their friends. This conduct on the part of the Spaniards excited much animosity in the breasts of the English, and was the cause of many disorders. But I have no doubt that the passive conduct of the peasantry was owing to their rulers never organizing them, nor leading them forward. Sir John Moore always entertained this opinion. In his journal and letters he praises the people, and deprecates the apathy and weakness of their chiefs: for he was not aware that there were traitors among them who paralyzed the nation.'

We shall not in this work detail the complicated sufferings which the British army endured on their retreat, as we have expatiated on that subject in the review of the Letters from Portugal, &c. and shall perhaps have occasion to mention some further particulars in the review of another work.

We shall now extract the interesting account which the author has given of the death of his brother in the words of Captain Hardinge, who was present when he was wounded; and of Colonel Anderson who was with him when he breathed his last.

'I had been ordered,' says Captain Hardinge, 'by the commander in chief to desire a battalion of the Guards to advance, which battalion was at one time intended to have dislodged a corps of the enemy from a large house and garden on the opposite side of the valley; and I was pointing out to the general the situation of the battalion, and our horses were touching, at the very moment that a cannon shot from the enemy's battery carried away his left shoulder and part of the collar-bone, leaving the arm hanging by the flesh. The violence of the stroke threw him off his horse, on his back. Not a muscle of his face was altered, nor did a sigh betray the least sensation of pain. I dismounted and taking his hand, he pressed mine forcibly, casting his eyes very anxiously towards the 42d regiment, which was hotly engaged; and his countenance expressed satisfaction when I informed him that the regiment was advancing. Assisted by a soldier of the 42d, he was removed a few yards behind the shelter of a wall. Colonel Graham Balgowan and Captain Woodford about this time came up; and, perceiving the state of Sir John's wound, instantly rode off for a surgeon. The blood flowed fast; but the attempt to stop it with my sash was useless, from the size of the wound. Sir John assented to being removed in a blanket to the rear; in raising him for that purpose his sword, hanging on the wounded side, touched his arm, and became entangled between his legs, I perceived the inconvenience, and was in the act of unbuckling it from his waist, when he said in his usual tone and manner, and in a very distinct voice, '*It is as well as it is.* I had *rather it should go out of the field with me.*' Here I feel that it would be im-

proper for my pen to venture to express the admiration with which I am penetrated in thus faithfully recording this instance of the invincible fortitude, and military delicacy of this great man. He was borne by six soldiers of the 42d and Guards, my sash supporting him in an easy posture. Observing the resolution and composure of his features, I caught at the hope that I might be mistaken in my fears of the wound being mortal; and remarked, that I trusted when the surgeons dressed the wound, that he would be spared to us, and recover. He then turned his head round, and, looking stedfastly at the wound for a few seconds, said *No,' Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible.'* I wished to accompany him to the rear, when he said, *' You need not go with me.* Report to *General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear.'* A serjeant of the 42d, and two spare files, in case of accident, were ordered to conduct their brave general to Corunna; and I hastened to report to General Hope.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

' H. HARDINGE.'

' The tidings of this disaster were brought to Sir David Baird, when the surgeons were dressing his shattered arm. He instantly commanded them to desist, and run to attend on Sir John Moore. When they arrived and offered their assistance, he said to them, ' *You can be of no service to me, go to the soldiers, to whom you may be useful.'* As the soldiers were carrying him slowly along, he made them turn him round frequently to view the field of battle and to listen to the firing; and was well pleased when the sound grew fainter. A spring waggon bearing Colonel Wynch wounded from the battle came up. The colonel asked ' who was in the blanket?' and being told Sir John Moore, he wished him to be placed in the waggon. The general asked one of the Highlanders, whether he thought the waggon or the blanket best; who answered that the blanket would not shake him so much, as he and the others would keep the step, and carry him easy. Sir John said, ' I think so too.' So they proceeded with him to his lodgings in Corunna, the soldiers shedding tears as they went. In carrying him through the passage of the house he saw his faithful servant François, who was stunned at the spectacle. Sir John said to him smiling, ' *My friend this is nothing.'* Colonel Anderson, for one-and-twenty years the friend and companion in arms of Sir John Moore, wrote the morning following this account, while the circumstance was fresh in his memory. —I met the general on the evening of the 16th, bringing in a blanket and sashes. He knew me immediately, though it was almost dark, squeezed my hand, and said, ' *Anderson, don't leave me.'* He spoke to the surgeons on their examining his wound, but was in such pain he could say little. After some time, he seemed very anxious to speak to me, and at intervals got out as follows; ' *Anderson, you know I have always wished to die this way.'* He then asked, *are the French beaten?* which he repeated to every one he knew as they came in. ' *I hope the people of England will be satisfied!'*—' *I hope my country*

will do me justice!'—*Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can.—Tell them every thing,* say to my mother'—Here his voice quite failed him and he was excessively agitated.—' *Hope, Hope, I have much to say to him,—but cannot get it out.' Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?* (A private sign was made by Colonel Anderson not to inform him that Captain Burrard one of his aides de camp was wounded in the action.) ' *I have made my will and have remembered my servants.—Colborne has my will and all my papers.'* Major Colborne then came into the room. He spoke most kindly to him and then said to me, ' *Anderson, remember you go to — and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give Major Colborne a Lieutenant-Colonelcy. He has been long with me, and I know him most worthy* of it.' He then asked Major Colborne ' if the French were beaten?' and on being told they were on every point, he said, *It's a great satisfaction for me to know we have beaten the French.' ' Is Paget in the room?'* On my telling him no; he said ' *Remember me to him. It's General Paget I mean, he is a fine fellow. I feel myself so strong. I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness, it is great pain. Every thing François says is right, I have the greatest confidence in him.*

' He thanked the surgeons for their trouble. Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, then came into the room. He spoke kindly to both, and asked Percy *if all his aides-de-camp were well?* After some interval he said, '*Stanhope, remember me to your sister.'* He pressed my hand close to his body, and in a few minutes died without a struggle. This was every syllable he uttered as far as I can recollect, except asking occasionally to be placed in an easier posture.

' P. Anderson, *Lieut. Col.*'

Such was the melancholy but glorious end of Sir John Moore, who appears not to have been inferior to any officer in the British service in military skill. There is one quality which Sir John certainly possessed in an eminent degree, and which does not often belong to the leaders of armies. He was not prodigal of blood; he regarded the lives of his men as a deposit, which he was not *wantonly* to betray nor fruitlessly to risque their safety without any adequate object, not only of possible but of probable attainment. Hence, if he erred, it was rather on the side of caution than temerity. He seems to have considered and reconsidered every measure which he embraced, and with the utmost nicety to have calculated the chances of failure or success in every attempt.

Hence perhaps he has been thought by some to have been rather too wary and calculating a chief for the desperate venture on which he was sent. A more rash and enterpriz-

ing man, who would have risqued more, might *perhaps*, have done more, and suffered less. But this is only uncertain speculation; and Sir John Moore is not to be blamed for having exhibited the calm deliberation of a reflecting mind in the most perilous and perplexing circumstances in which a general can be placed. All his letters, which are ably and perspicuously written, evince the utmost anxiety to do all that foresight, or that valour, *tempered by discretion*, could do, to promote the cause which he was sent to defend, but, at the same time, not to hazard the lives of his troops in vain and rash undertakings which mocked all rational probability of success.

Had Sir John Moore been less provident, wary and reflective, there can be little doubt that he would have fallen into the snare which was artfully laid for him by Morla and the prince of Castel Franco. Mr. Frere, who appears to have been duped by the artifices of Morla, was probably designed by that traitor to be made an instrument in deceiving Sir John. Though Mr. Frere was constantly in the vicinity of the Junta, yet he seems to have been kept a total stranger to the real state of the Spanish armies or to the danger of the country from the superior force of the French. He seems to have calculated, like a sort of political Quixote, on the enthusiasm of the country, when except in one or two remote points, the whole peninsula hardly emitted a single scintillation of enthusiasm. The intelligence which Mr. Frere sent to the English general was either erroneous and calculated to mislead, or it came too late to be of any service. Few commanders of armies have ever been placed in more perplexing situations than Sir John Moore. This country, which had been screwed up to a pitch of strong delusion by the lies which were published by the Junta and their adherents respecting the victories, the enthusiasm and the public spirit of the Spaniards, was at first inclined to believe that Sir John Moore was rather remiss in his exertions; that he remained too long at Salamanca, and that he did not do all that might have been done. We must confess that we were inclined ourselves to indulge these sentiments, till such facts were produced as have completely dispelled the erroneous conclusions which the false statements of the public prints had induced us to form.

We were among the first and have never ceased to be among the warmest well-wishers to the cause of liberty in Spain. But we are convinced that that cause has had from the beginning but few advocates in that country; and the

impolitic conduct of the Junta has tended rather to diminish than to increase the number. Sir John Moore marched into Spain under the conviction that thousands of enthusiastic friends to the liberty and independence of their country, would flock to his standard, and that though the country itself was poor, the public spirit and zealous co-operation of the people would supply the want of numerous resources. But Sir John had hardly entered Spain before the pleasing vision was dissipated by the actual state of things. He found that the allies whom he was sent to support, instead of being aggrandized into giants by the subliming force of patriotic enthusiasm, were only ordinary men, and indeed depressed below the common standard by ignorance and indolence, by apathy and selfishness. Though both Sir John and his officers and men were cordially interested in the cause which they were sent to defend, yet they could not alone stem the overwhelming torrent of the French armies. The English general appears to have done all which in his situation it was wise to attempt; and he is not to be reprobated for not attempting a fool-hardy enterprize, or for not transcending the possibilities of physical strength and renewing the age of miracles.

ART. II.—*Lady Jane Grey, a Tale, in two Books; with miscellaneous Poems in English and Latin. By Francis Hodgson, A.M. &c.* 8vo. *pp.* 352. Mackinlay. 1809.

MR. Hodgson has thought proper, in an advertisement prefixed to this volume, and more particularly in something which he calls "a gentle alterative prepared for the reviewers," printed as the second piece in the miscellany, to pour forth the most unjust as well as indiscriminate abuse of all who make a profession of periodical criticism; confounding us all together under the title of impostors, (p. viii) dogs (p. ix.), brick walls (p. x.), dirty adversaries* (ib.), quacks (p.

* Considering the critical spirit evinced by Mr. H. in the notes to his Juvenal, however, where he treats Thomson, Cowper, Milton, Theocritus, Callimachus, nay we believe Virgil and Homer, with as little ceremony as the most blackguardly fellows among us have ever shown to Messrs—— or——, we think it ungenerous in him to disown his relationship to our fraternity. He might at least have borrowed an expression from Mrs. Honour's Vocabulary, and called us "Dirty Cousins."

56,) mountebanks, (ib.), anonymous libellers (ib.), geese (ib.), assassins (ib.), self-raised arbiters (ib.), paltry critics (p. 57), little worms (ib.), wretches (ib.), reptiles (p. 60), cranes (p. 68), grunters (ib.), butchers (p. 69); calling our business, or our wares, solemn mockery (p. viii) balderdash (p. 56), virulent and indiscriminate abuse (p. ix.), gross ordure of adulation (p. 67); to say nothing of peculiar denominations affixed to individual sects among our brethren. In dealing out these "gentle alteratives," Mr. H. professes himself a friend to Dr. Johnson's maxim respecting the folly of striking soft blows in a battle. The maxim is a good one; but Mr. H might have hit much harder had he only referred to the list of bad words which passed between some country-people of Poitou on a certain memorable occasion, and which appeared to Master Francis Rabelais worthy of being published in a complete vocabulary, and so handed down, for the use of angry authors and high-minded scavengers, to all posterity. To a gentleman of his erudition we are certain that it is only necessary to mention the second book of the second volume of Ozell's inimitable translation, and we shall appeal to our readers whether 'scurvy companions,' 'paltry customers,' 'rapscallion fly-catchers,' 'tatterdemalian nincumpoops,' do not possess more force as well as more fancy than all or any of the expressions above quoted from Mr. H.

For ourselves, we have always been, and still are Mr. Hodgson's friends, however he may despise our good-will; and, although he has been so civil, as to include us in one general commination which we are wholly unconscious of having ever deserved at his hands, we shall hold ourselves excused for not returning the compliment; and, in treating the publication before us, shall bestow on it as impartial justice as if no offence had been offered or intended us by its author. Of his personal quarrels with the conductors of certain journals which he has honoured with his more particular notice, we disclaim all jurisdiction. Those 'reptiles,' we make no doubt, are well enough armed by nature to fight their own battles. Willingly, therefore, we dismiss the 'gentle alterative' from our recollection, and pass to a more grateful subject, the gentle Lady Jane.

In adopting this theme, we believe Mr. Hodgson either to have forgotten, or not to have known, that there already existed a poem on the same foundation, and one (though little remembered) which possesses no inconsiderable share of merit. We allude to 'The Force of Religion, or Vanquished

Love' by Dr. Young. The subject is, indeed, very differently treated by the two poets. The plan adopted by Mr. Hodgson has one great advantage over that of the earlier author; since, by carrying back the scene to those hours of peace and love which were passed by Lady Jane in company with her books, and her beloved Dudley, before the fatal ambition of a father had involved her in the final miseries of her existence, he has not only gained the advantage of much natural and pleasing description and many moral reflections, of a stamp less awfully affecting than those to which the sad catastrophe of his tale gives occasion, but has likewise obtained those more technical benefits which the skilful artist knows how to derive from the force of contrast and the various emotions of the mind. The character, too, of his principal personage, is much more truly and more beautifully represented by exhibiting it both in the lights and shades of life. On the other hand, Mr. Hodgson has left out of his narrative, a circumstance, which forms the leading feature of Young's poem, which is moreover (unless our memory deceives us) warranted by historical truth, and is certainly capable of the highest moral, as well as poetical, utility,—the last severe trial which his incomparable heroine is made to undergo from the tears and intercessions of her husband, who, (wholly unmanned by the thought of her approaching suffering) entreats her to sign the recantation of her faith, the stipulated price of life and liberty.

In the execution of his task, however, it is safe to affirm that Mr. H. has most decidedly surpassed his predecessor, and this not only in the superior ease and correctness of his versification (a virtue which some may be inclined to attribute to the age rather than to the author), but also in the grace of his descriptions and the pathetic sentiments and reflections with which he has adorned and diversified his narrative. The frequent recurrence of such passages as these may indeed appear to be challenged by the tale itself; and yet Dr. Young's poem is very defective in this respect. Even that last agonizing trial to which he exposes his heroine is marked rather by force than tenderness of expression; and the beautiful picture of Guilford's anguish, almost at the opening of the poem, is disfigured by the formal simile appended to its conclusion.

We shall select from Mr. Hodgson's poem a single passage, the length of which will not offend our readers. It is of a nature so very different from that of Dr. Young's to which we have just referred, that it will be immediately seen

we do not wish to compare them together. But stronger evidence cannot be brought of qualities which we have attributed to Mr. H. and which a translator of Juvenal may not, on the unsupported credit of our assertion, be immediately believed to possess, than the following picture of love and happiness affords.

'Down Broadgate's vale, where glittering to the sun
The winding streamlet's silver waters run.
Where yonder wood, with paths and alleys green,
Invites the wanderer in that pleasant scene
To lose the cares of state, and cast aside
The brilliant veil that cloaks the pangs of pride,
To mourn forbidden joys, and sigh in vain
For the blest hours of Dudley and his Jane.
Down Broadgate's vale those happy lovers rove,
And find a world in one sequester'd grove,
'Now pensive eve had touch'd the hills around
With rosy light, that slept upon the ground;
In trembling radiance kist the glossy flood,
And streak'd with gold the many-shaded wood.
'Twas her own hour of contemplation calm,
When the hush'd air exhales a holy balm;
No falling leaf the solemn stillness broke,
But nature listened while a lover spoke.
'"Oh my fair Jane! how oft have I exprest
All that I could of love—to know the rest,
With those dear eyes it must be read in me,
A task that would employ eternity.
Read it in these fond arms, this glowing face,
Love's silent pause, and rapture's long embrace.
For words are feeble in a state like this,
Where the whole heart o'erflows with boundless bliss."
'"My gentle lord," the modest Jane replies,
"In love there is not leisure to be wise,
Nor have I heart to check thy tender strain—
Yet an uneasy fear disturbs thy Jane,
That this our sweetest converse will not last,
But, like yon fading sunbeam, quick be past!
For not more close, when dazzling lightnings glare,
Follows the thunder through the troubled air,
Than, in this scene of life, a cloud of woes,
Bursts on our transient joys, and banishes repose.
* *Swift down the pathway of declining years,*
As on we journey through our vale of tears,

* Mr. Hodgson cannot often be detected of plagiarism, but here he shews himself the worst of thieves, having stolen from himself. (See Juvenal, Sat. ix.)

At every turn some schemes of pleasure end,
And now a lover falls, and now a friend.
Sigh not, my Guilford—for whatever fate
Thee and thy faithful consort shall await,
Fortune's worst malice we can still disarm,
While Dudley lives, and Jane has power to charm.
But oh! the hard prerogative of rank!
In some poor cottage on that mossy bank
Thy Jane might live contentedly with thee,
Nor ever lose thy dear society:
Like the pure stream that o'er the meadow strays,
Might glide the current of our noiseless days;
Together we might range the flowery green,
And read of battles in this peaceful scene."

* * * * * * * *

Oh! let us ever dream of love like this!
Not in the fervor of the wanton kiss,
Not in the noise of the nocturnal ball,
When vacant dancers crowd the splendid hall;
Not in the stately feast, or mimic show,
Where senseless fashion ranks her motley row,
And with the languor of indifferent smiles
Kills sickening thought, and lazy time beguiles;
Let us imagine love! diviner power,
Ennobling balm of virtue's lonely hour,
That pure devotion which to one we owe,
Those sacred vows which none but lovers know,
Steal o'er the conscious soul with soothing force
And leave the world to folly and remorse.
'If in that world one beauteous form there be,
That hides a heart of loathsome perfidy,
If one—whom injur'd honour will not name,
But secretly arouse to lasting shame,
Who now, forgetful of her earlier choice,
Tunes to another ear the Siren voice—
When on this page her altering eye shall fall,
Let her touch'd soul the parting hour recall,
When, weeping in her lover's warm embrace,
And, hiding in his breast that tell-tale face,
She softly murmur'd—read the vengeful line,
False beauty, read! "I am for ever thine.'"

After all the praises which may justly be bestowed on Mr. Hodgson's execution of this poem, and notwithstanding the highly pathetic circumstances of the history, it may be doubted whether the subject which he has chosen is altogether well calculated for the purposes of poetry, or whether it will excite that peculiar species of interest on which the charm of poetry depends. We should write an essay, not a review,

were we to enquire, like the philosophers of Edinburgh, into the reasons which incline us to entertain this doubt, (a doubt equally applicable perhaps to most historical poems,)—but it is certain that much good poetry has been absolutely thrown away on the same subject in the instance of Dr. Young whose performance nobody reads, and few have ever heard of; and, notwithstanding the superior advantages which we have stated Mr Hodgson's to possess, we are afraid the same reasons may operate against his popularity on the present occasion as against that of his predecessor. In one instance, where he has resorted to fiction, he has given evidence of the absolute incongruity of that species of poetical ornament with the narrative of well-known events; we mean the sudden death of the harper at the marriage-feast, a circumstance which shocks the belief much more than it interests the feelings, of the reader, and induces him rather to refer for his satisfaction to the pages of Fox or Heylyn, than stop to shed tears at the approaching calamities which it is construed to forbode.

Though the publication now before us bears on its back the title of 'Lady Jane Grey,' yet in fact the lovely sufferer occupies no more than fifty pages of room; and had Mr. Hodgson entitled his volume 'Miscellanies' only, (which would have been upon the whole more correct, since his principal poem is not important enough to give name to the book) we should not perhaps have dwelt so long on the first article of its contents to the prejudice of many others in the table which we consider as deserving of particular notice.

The 'gentle alterative,' before mentioned, is followed by a considerable collection of 'Latin poems, original and translated,' which, by those who understand no language but their own, and conceive that it is the privilege of a *Satirist* to deal out rank abuse without either sense, wit, or knowledge to recommend him, will perhaps be ridiculed in the mass as a bundle of old exercises preserved by the vanity of a school-boy. Luckily for Mr. Hodgson, however, they will not fall exclusively into such dirty hands, as those of the above-mentioned critics; and in order to contribute our share towards bringing them into the notice of persons better qualified to feel and judge their merit, we shall, after saying a few words about the remaining pieces of English poetry in the volume, return to bestow some more particular attention on these compositions.

The 'English miscellanies' which form the third and largest division of the present publication, are, indeed, most

properly so called—songs, tales, rhapsodies, fragments of letters, elegies amorous and moral, parodies, ballads, translations, burlesques, sonnets, epitaphs, epigrams, imitations, all follow each other in gay confusion, and (if all action were confined to that of wielding a goose-quill) might justly entitle the author and publisher to exclaim:

Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli.

If the severer order of critics may condemn the total absence of arrangement and connexion apparent in the formation of this motley groupe, those who are more indulgent may pardon the author in consideration of the superior amusement which the reader will derive from that very want of order. Mr. Hodgson literally appears to think in verse, and to set down every thought in his book as fast as it occurs to his imagination. It is therefore needless to observe that, however the nose of censure may be curled on the occasion, all those, whose minds are in any degree imbued with the same love of rhyme and the same variety of fancy which distinguish the author, will follow him with infinitely more satisfaction than they would the gravest and most methodical of his lecturers.

At the same time it will hardly be denied that in so heterogeneous a mixture there may be many morsels to feed the spleen of his enemies, and some which his friends might wish to have been suppressed; but in saying this, it is right to observe that there are none which can offend the strictest delicacy, or render the work improper to be placed in the most innocent and virtuous hands. It would be a task equally invidious and difficult to distinguish from the mass of what is valuable or interesting such portions as for the reasons above mentioned the author might have done better to have expunged: and probably no two critics among us would agree as to the particular objects of selection. It may be more fair, as it certainly is more good-natured, to let the author be judge upon this occasion, both for himself and his readers; and to content ourselves with pointing out a few specimens of what is worthy of praise, rather than of what we might deem objectionable.

There is nothing that we can recollect either in Moore, or even in his prototype Anacreon, more spirited than the following "praises of wine."

'Oh moment most blest in the short life of man!
Brightest spot of enjoyment in time's gloomy span!
When, just languid enough for delight, we recline
By the fire's cheerful blaze o'er the fast flowing wine,

With sensations too soothing for words to express,
Alive to all joy, dead to every distress,
Then, then, gushing forth from the rapturous soul,
Good humour and genius unitedly roll;
Laughing friendship recounts all the pastimes of youth,
And at least we display that one excellence—truth,
Cold prudence is banish'd, hypocrisy dies,
And the warm honest spirit looks out at the eyes.
* * * * * * * * *

'Wine mitigates sorrow, wine stimulates joy!
Its virtues ne'er fail, its delights never cloy—
It gives strength to the weak, gentle thoughts to the strong,
Renovation to hope, inspiration to song.
Age gathers fresh virtue from wonderful wine,
And the best bloom of youth, radiant liquor, is thine!
Thou easest the captive, thou lull'st to repose
The sad eye that too long has forgotten to close,
All, all canst thou conquer—ah! wouldst thou but prove
Victorious for me over absence and love.'

By way of contrast to this effusion of mirth and good fellowship, we could quote many passages of beautifully tender sentiment from the fragments of his epistolary poems; but here again the difficulty of selection almost deters us from giving any specimens at all. However, as this would be a manifest injustice to the author, we will take almost at random some of the lines addressed (in p. 248) "To a friend."

'Oh thou, whose every pleasure answers mine,
Mirth, and the song, and wit, and generous wine,
Say, though philosophy with frowning eye
Flies our light hearts, and shall for ever fly,
Is not each feeling of soft nature ours
That soothes distress, or heightens cheerful hours?
Are we not bound by friendship's fondest chain,
By scenes that memory oft' enjoys again?
In taste alike, in soul-betraying truth,
And all the raptures of coeval youth?
'Oh! can we e'er forget, in Eton's shades,
Our mutual offering to the tuneful maids,
When earliest fancy in our numbers shone?
And our breast echoed peace and love alone?
Yes, hand in hand, thro' flowery paths we stray'd,
Together studied and together play'd;
'Traced the bright streams of everliving-song,
And gazed and wonder'd as they roll'd along.
* * * * *
—Yes, many an eve, when vulgar sports employ
The clay-cold bosom of the tuneless boy,

Enraptur'd listening to some classic page,
A spirit caught us, far beyond our age,
Warm'd into life the rising seeds of mind,
And bad us leave the vacant throng behind.

* * * * * * *

Age! let thy snows o'erspread our wrinkled brow,
Age! let thy frost restrain our fancy's flow,
Thou canst not chill the genial charm that springs
From boyish sports, from undistinguished things,
Reacted oft in memory's busy cell,
And bound for ever by the muses' spell.

* * * * * * *

But chief, the invariable love, that turns
To the same point, together laughs and mourns,
Shares each depression, every joy imparts,
And makes but one of two consenting hearts,
Shall shed a sweetness in the bitterest bowl,
That life can offer to a wounded soul.'

If any inducement were wanting to treat Mr. H. in the most liberal spirit of criticism, the following excellent criticism of his own would supply us with it.

An Answer to the Question of a Critic.

'Where lies the charm ungovern'd Scott displays?
—In the wild vigour of his lawless lays—
And sudden bursts of tenderness are there,
And warlike valour's animating air;
Castle and convent fill the glowing scene,
Rocks tower around, and rivers roll between;
The deeds of other days entranced we see,
Heraldic pomp, and pride of chivalry;
The plundering inroad, the tumultuous fight,
Hall, minstrel, feast, fair dame, and gallant knight.'

Mr. Hodgson's merit as a translator is already sufficiently appreciated by those who are in possession of his former publication, and have read not only his version of Juvenal, but the many beautiful specimens contained in his notes upon that version. For this reason, and because we wish to hasten to the examination of his Latin poems, we shall content ourselves with saying that this volume is enriched by many similar contributions from the stores of Horace, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Martial, which are very far from diminishing his reputation, or from making us recal the wish which we have indulged of seeing others of the Roman poets as honourably distinguished by Mr. Hodgson's talents as the great satirist whom he has already represented.

We now revert to the Latin poems, many of which are translations, and the rest chiefly extemporaneous originals, such as extracts from letters; and subjects which rising in

the course of conversation, offered an opportunity of successful impromptu. In this miscellany we find no instance of deep thought, deliberate meditation, or critical anxiety of structure beyond what is really beautiful and simple. Every line almost evinces natural genius, highly improved and cultivated by Etonian instruction; regularity in metrical laws, but wildness in imagery, luxuriance in idea, but compression in language. We hesitate to compare Vincent Bourne with Mr. Hodgson—beautiful and sweet as many of Bourne's translations are, yet we can scarcely in any instance meet with ten of his lines wherein there shall not be such incorrectness and vulgarity as to displease a critic who lays no claim to superior fastidiousness. The poet, who could write the lines,

—'Vultus erat, qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies;
Quâque sepulchralem à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.'—

could also write thus:

—'Quam malè persuades, experiendo scies.'

But in Mr. Hodgson's verses, our ears are never vexed by such incongruous combinations, such unmetrical blunders as *experiendo scies—cum Corydone Strephon*, &c. to say nothing of the perpetually recurring licence of shortening the final in the first person singular, inaccuracies which put us more forcibly in mind of the modern epilogues spoken in Dean's Yard, than of the purity of the Augustan writers. But enough on this subject. We congratulate Mr. Hodgson on the acquisition of a more correct taste, and we doubt whether the finished and laboured compositions of his contemporaries, Messrs. Frere and Bayley, the rival bards of Eton during his progress through that school (as we are led by dates and internal evidence in the Juvenal, as well as in the miscellanies, to conclude) have left us happier effusions in the Musæ Etonenses, or their university compositions, than now lie before us.

The task of severity is always disagreeable; we are, indeed, throughout this article, generally freed from the necessity of it; some slight animadversions, we must here, however, interpose, though we do not presume to offer a 'gentle alterative;' after which short act of justice, we shall shut a book, in which we have taken almost unvaried interest, with extracting a few passages of superior beauty, and exhorting Mr. Hodgson (if his muse is too desultory to be confined to a steady walk) to dive still deeper into his portfolio, to re-examine his poetical correspondence, to walk again to the 'Casula Harroviensis,' to fall again in love

with his mistresses, Eliza, Cynthia, Neæra, Harriet, Lucy, Mary, Helen, and the 'high-born maid of Inistore,' that we may again anatomize and lecture upon the disjecti membra poetæ.

The following is by no means a spirited translation from Moore, whose playful humour is ill adapted to the grave measure of elegiac verse.

> 'Nullum illabentem gremio sibi sensit amorem,
> Nulla animo admisit somnia prava pio. P. 84.'

The epigram (p. 81) on Lambert, the great man of Piccadilly, may be quaint enough in English, but has very little force, if any, in Latin.

Neither of the translations (p. 85) of the epigram in Carlyle's specimens of Arabic poetry, strike us as happy. The latter, particularly, beginning,

> 'Quando nutricis, puer,' &c.

is too much dilated; and both are far eclipsed by the epigrammatic simplicity with which the same lines are translated in the next page by his friend Mr. H. Drury, both in elegiac and hendecasyllabic verse.

'Cum tibi distinxit natalem lacryma lucem,
Risimus ad cunas, lœta caterva, tuas.
Vive ita, ut extremâ dum rides suaviter horâ,
Distinguat socias lacryma fusa genas.'

'Cum natalibus, o beate Sextî,
Tuis adfuimus caterva gaudens,
(Vagitu resonis strepente cunis)
In risum domus omnis est soluta.
Talis vive, precor, beate Sextî,
Cum mors immineat toro cubantis,
Ut, circùm lacrymantibus propinquis,
Solus non alio fruare risu.'

The verses on 'All the Talents' are very bold; and, with a reference to two or three more of the epigrams as instances of bad taste and hurry, (p. 82 from Mallet, p. 83 from Goldsmith, p. 343 from Moore) we shall turn from reproof to praise; to a higher praise than our pen can give, the submitting some brilliant passages to the reader, whom we shall trouble with no farther comments of our own.

' *In amorem aratorem.*
FROM THE GREEK.
' Lampade compressâ, positoque amor improbus arcu,
" Flexit aratores sub juga panda boves ;"
Et stimulo insurgens, perâque indutus agresti,
Semina materno sparsit alenda solo ;
Suspiciensque Polum, " Mi Jupiter, annue messi,
Ne mittam Europæ te sub aratra Bovem." '

We cannot omit inserting the following stanzas taken from a much longer poem addressed to an Etonian friend.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

' O simul lapsæ recolas juventæ
Simplices curas, simul institutos
Ingenî lusus, et inempta parcæ
Fercula cænæ!
Fercula, infuso sale, cariora
Tum mihi extructæ dapis apparatu—
Jam tuo quantùm mihi cariora
Granta, Lyæo.
Atticas quêis aut, Epicure, noctes,
Aut in umbroso proba Tusculano
Rhetoris mens invideatve vatis!
Accola ripæ
Quêis Etonensi puer integratis
Somnians dudum fruor, aureoque
Thamesi arescens inhio, negatæ
Tantalus undæ—
Impotens fletu revocare somni
Visa, felicis nimiùm et fugacis!
Tum miser, lecto revolutus, amplam,
Metior ædem,
Non eam Henrici cineres amanti
Fida quæ cultu fovet, et palæstræ
Imminens,* aulæque, beatioris
Suggerit ævi
Gaudia, heu, nunquam reditura—Si te
Si tuum obliviscar, Etona, nomen,
Torpeat dextræ vigor, et tenaci
Lingua veterno.
Sed tuæ tellus aliena voci,
Mater auscultabit? arundinesque
Plectra gestabunt, viridantiori
Dempta salicto?

---

* Eton College.

Non ita—hirsutam mathesin, scholæque
Limen aversata severioris,
Illa cænosi siluere iniquo in
Margine Cami.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Nor can we withhold a concluding extract from a beautiful poetical letter on the narrow escape from death of a mutual friend, which, however obscured by local circumstances, is a masterly instance of our author's abilities in the pathetic.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

'Tu quoque—vicini quanquàm tibi signa pepercit
Interitûs, Fortuna; nec aspexisse jacentis
Immotum stabilemque in limine mortis ocellum,
Nec pressisse manum felici contigit—"illam"
Dum risu placidus, "supremùm attingitis," inquit,
"Pulsantem ambiguo venas velocius ictu.
Nondum abiit protracta dies! sed ad ultima præceps
Decurrit spatia, et sperato in carcere pendet.
Usque adeo riget intus, et insuperabile nervos
Corripuit lethale gelu. Sed—si qua sepulti
Cura mei est, miserum, atque insontem crimine mortis
Vellem alio periisse modo me credere, vellem
Erigere, et vanâ solari, et fallere famâ,
Afflictum minùs, et felicem errore recepto."
'O ingens, majorque sui formidine fati,
Alterius tamen ægra malis, et avara salutis
Ne reus invitæ necis audiat auctor, et illi
Ignoscens Anima, ingenuæ qui fila juventæ
Rescidit, et viduam privavit prole parentem.
Heu! miser in studiis et honore; novique laboris
Dura rudimenta, et teneræ gravis exitus artis.
Mors ita te abripuit? te pulcra et magna minatum
Auspicio intercepta malo; vetuitque volentem,
Ne pia præteritas reparet solertia nugas.'

ART. III.—*Letters on various Subjects, literary, political, and ecclesiastical, to and from William Nicholson, D. D. successively Bishop of Carlisle, and of Derry, and Archbishop of Cashell; including the Correspondence of several eminent Prelates, from* 1683 *to* 1726—7 *inclusive; faithfully printed from the Originals; and illustrated with literary and historical Anecdotes. By John Nichols, F.S.A.E. and P.* 2 *vols. pp.* 656. J. Nichols *and* Son. 1809.

THE learning and research of bishop Nicholson, are sufficiently evinced in his Historical Library, and the present letters, will tend to show that he was not only an industrious antiquary, but an amiable man. He seems to have been particularly zealous in encouraging the study of the ancient northern languages; and many parts of the present correspondence prove that he was no mean proficient in the knowledge of natural history.—The letters themselves are to and from some of the most learned contemporary antiquaries, scholars, and divines.—It will suffice to mention some of the names of those who have a share in this correspondence, to convince the reader that he is likely to derive, at least, some portion of instruction and of entertainment from the perusal. The names of Thoresby, of Mr. Edward Lhwyd, the author of Archaeologia Britannica, &c. &c. of Dr. Edmund Gibson, the translator of Camden, and editor of the Saxon Chronicle, of Archbishop Sharpe, Dr. Woodward, Mr. Wotton, Dr. Hickes, Mr. Thwaites, who published the Saxon Heptateuch, of Archbishop Wake, Dr. Atterbury, &c. &c. are such as it does not often fall to the lot of an individual to number among his correspondents. Of most letters the topics must necessarily be frivolous or ephemeral; and though some portion of this will be found in these volumes, yet they are often found mixed with matter of more general interest and importance, which have not been entirely dissipated by the lapse of a century.

The two following letters, which are from Mr. Wilkins, the editor of the Anglo-Saxon laws, &c., to Bishop Nicholson, show in a striking manner the rank toryism, or rather Jacobitism and disaffection to the house of Hanover, which prevailed in the university of Oxford, at the time when they were written.

From Mr. Wilkins.

OXFORD, JAN. 31, 1715-6.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'The satisfaction and comfort I have now and then by the honour of a letter from your lordship, and some other very worthy prelates, overbalances the grief and displeasure I undergo in being in this disaffected place; which, notwithstanding the solemn promises they lately made, continues to rejoice at the hopes of the late Duke of Ormond's attempt upon the west, and the regent of France's private assisting the pretender. No arms nor oaths can root out of their minds some jesuitical distinction, with which they mock God, and delude his vicegerent amongst us; witness their private and public discourses, in which either their idol, the late chancellor, is praised to the skies, or king George and his ministry is run down.

'To give an instance of both: When, last week, the prince of Anhalt was, with all marks of esteem and honour, received by this university, and degrees conferrred upon him and his company, Mr. Cæsar, a German preacher of the Savoy, in London, was made doctor of divinity by Mr. Delaune, Margaret Professor, who had the best opportunity of saying something of king George, when he spoke of the king of Prussia, whose chaplain that gentleman is. But he only said that Mr. Cæsar had been very well known to queen Anne; when he and every body does know that he is much more now so with king George.—The other instance, (which has raised the bishop of Bristol's and Dr. Charlett's indignation upon me) happened last Sunday was sevennight, when a great body of divinity, being at dinner at Christ church, instead of pledging the prince and princess's health, drank to our Hanoverian friend (*de unctionibus*) the duke of Ormond. This I happened to whisper to a friend, who made a merit to expose the Oxonians; and now I am like to suffer for it.

'But that is not all what they aim at. They boast at the name of *tories* still; that is, of occasionally conforming jacobites: and as long as they see their dean refuse to sign the abhorrence of the last rebellion, together with so many of his brethren, what can their principle be but to be pleased with the rebels? For he that is not for me is against me, and *vice versâ*.

'Tom Hearne begins to declare himself a non-juror publicly, and says, there is no honesty but in the whigs and jacobites; he is mightily humbled of late, and expects to be turned out of the Bodleian every day.

'I beg your lordship to let me have a note of what you would have collated or copied here, I shall find leisure, though I cannot peace, here (for there is no peace with the wicked) to do whatever lays in my power for your lordship's services. I suffered throwing of stones and dirt before the soldiers came: now I prepare myself for hissing, and back-biting. Would to God my New Testament was done!

'I pray God to keep your lordship in his safe-guard from the insults and barbarities of your rebellious neighbours; and am, with all veneration, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's ever dutiful son,
and obedient humble servant,
'D. WILKINS.'

From Mr. Wilkins.

OXFORD, MARCH 21, 1716-7.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'Whatever fate befalls this university whilst I stay in it, I am certain I cannot be worse used than I have been already. The bishop of Bristol went up to London on Tuesday last with an address from some heads of houses to my lord archbishop, to stop, if possible, the royal visitation; which, it seems, they are mightily afraid of here; for nothing will shew them more in their proper colours. One great abuse here, I desire your lordship to reflect upon; that those exhibitioners of Baliol College that were turned out for refusing to take the oaths, do appear here still, in their gowns, and most in that same college; and one of them, Sterling by name, that was like to be pilloried a twelve-month ago for treasonable words, teaches publicly mathematics; and so seduces some young men of the university to the pretender's interest.

'I make what haste two eyes and hands possibly can make, to finish what his grace of Canterbury expects of me here, in order to receive your lordship's instructions for Cambridge; which, if no mishap turns me off of my design, will be in Easter week; the approach of which time I shall reckon very long, because your lordship, with such an undeserved kindness, orders to hasten up to town, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,
and most obedient humble servant,
'D. WILKINS.'

Mr. Wilkins who afterwards visited Cambridge, when he was admitted doctor of divinity, gives the following account of the *whiggism,* which then glowed in that learned seminary, and which may be well contrasted with the opposite sentiments which were so general in the sister university.

From Dr. Wilkins.

LAMBETH, OCT. 15, 1717.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'I am but just returned from Cambridge, where I had the good fortune to be created Doctor of Divinity by Dr. Bentley. The good bishop of Norwich had so much kindness for me, as to put me in the king's list of his own accord, by which I saved a great

sum of money: only my exercises I had composed in vain, and reckon so much time lost. His majesty has made a general conquest of the affectations of grumbling people wherever he was; and expressed a great deal of satisfaction in being so kindly received by the university. The duke of Somerset (who is said to glory more in being chancellor of Cambridge than in his other titles) exerted himself in a fine speech, which he thus concluded: *If our university is not the learnedest society in the world, your Majesty's late present will make us so.* The university orator made a very ingenious, learned, Latin speech, which, as well as Dr. Bentley's, the king said, he understood every word.

'As long as the king staid at Cambridge, one heard nothing (although it was upon a Sunday) but ringing of bells, *Vivat Rex!* king George for ever! The country people came ten miles and farther to see this solemnity; and the king was pleased to shew himself openly; admitted every body where he dined, made presents to the poor of all parishes, to the two gaols, to the ringers of every church, and to the sizars of Trinity College. What will the sister university say to this?

'My lord, I remember you were kindly pleased to give me a faint promise of a dissertation upon my Saxon laws. I could wish business would give your lordship leave to spend now and then a leisure minute upon it. I am persuaded it will be the greatest ornament of my book; and my incredible pains and labour will only be reckoned worth having or reading, because such patrons of learning as your lordship are pleased to illustrate and to recommend it to the world. I am, with all veneration and respect, my honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,
and most obedient humble servant,
'D. WILKINS.'

Such appears to have been the difference in the *political temperature* of the two English universities in the reign of the first George. The first George was caressed, respected, and honoured in the university of Cambridge, while that of Oxford made an effort to prevent the king from showing his face among them; but how much has the case been altered in the present reign!—His present majesty has, we believe, paid two or three visits to the alma mater on the banks of the Isis, but have the waters of old Cam ever yet been permitted to reflect his gracious smile?—We shall not investigate the cause. That will be matter of history.

When Mr. Wilkins was admitted to his degree of D.D. Dr. Bentley had lately been chosen professor of divinity, and he gives his friend Bishop Nicholson, the following account of the speech which the professor delivered on the occasion.—Whatever relates to Bentley possesses as much, and, perhaps, even more interest at this time than it did a

century ago, for his was one of those minds which are most correctly appreciated by posterity.—His theological labours may, perhaps, without much loss to futurity, be rolled into oblivion, notwithstanding the accession of dignity, which they might at the time have derived from his theological professorship; but of his critical sagacity and erudition we will say in the language of the Theban bard,

ἀμέραι δ' ἐπίλοιποι
μάρτυρες σοφώτατοι

Pind. Olymp. 1.

We shall make no apology for quoting the following letter, from its relation to such a man, and from some incidental traits which it furnishes of his genuine character.

From Dr. Wilkins.

BENE'T COLLEGE, JUNE 9, 1717.

'MY HONOURED LORD,

'If the Cantabrigians had the advantage which the Oxonians enjoy, to write daily by the post to London, your lordship should have had an account of Professor Bentley's remarkable speech, at the entering into his office, by Friday's post.

'The whole discourse contained insubstance nothing but an enarration of his performances done, and some that are to follow. He began to give us the reasons, why, now he was *in limine senectutis*, he desired to be made professor, in spite of his *ringentes* rivals; and *patefecerit viam* to that place which he refused eighteen years ago, because he formerly had other views. He liked the company of great men at court; but now every place in London was full of contention, quarrel, and tumult. *Jam Cantabrigia placet, placent bibliothecæ, placet aer, placent eruditorum hominum mores;* so that he designs to live and die here. He thanked the pro-vice-chancellor, the master of Queen's, and his two senior fellows, for choosing him professor, and put at the same time a slur upon the three heads of houses that should have been present at the election. He was full of praises of his predecessors, of whom some were made bishops, some archbishops; and that he was sensible how unworthy he was to succeed them; especially since all the world knew that he had studied more the *Humaniora* than divinity. But yet he said that he has had Thomas Aquinas in his study these thirty years, and had read him; that he had studied Syriac, Chaldaic, and other oriental languages, till he was like to fall into a consumption. It was true, indeed, that he had printed Phalaris, Callimachus, Menander, Tully's Tusculan questions, and Horace; and that thereby he had shewed himself a philosopher and a critic, rather than a *theologus*. But yet he had printed some sermons at Boyle's lectures, which were translated into several languages; that he had refuted the free-thinkers, for which he had the university's solemn thanks; and *augustissimi principis matrona* had or-

dered him the printing of it. Besides this, he said, that he has read a great many of the fathers, Greek and Latin; that he had Clemens, Origen, and Eusebius, ready for the press; and if that would not deserve him the title of a *theologus*, he said, that under Beaumont he had taken his doctor's degree. But that, says he, is no proof, because a man by being a doctor of physic is not supposed to be a physician; nor a doctor of laws to be a lawyer (which he intended for a reflection upon the professors of those two faculties). Then he desired his auditors not to judge his abilities at present, now he begins his office; *detur crescendi copia;* and after-ages will show that he is a *theologus*, by reason of his excellent design of a new edition of a New Testament; of which, by the help of Origen and St. Jerome, and some very old MSS. he will make the text so undoubtedly true, *ut è manibus apostolorum vix purior et sincerior evaserit*, which shall for ever be a standard of religion to christianity. At last he promised to read over the scholastic divines; and whatever of modern divinity the pamphlets contain he would buy, and exercise himself and his disputants; to whom he *sanctè* promised to be very civil: assist the respondents; and give room for the opponents to exercise their talents; and moreover, that he would encourage any body in printing of divinity books; and so concluded.

'In his answer to the question about the supremacy of the pope, he asserted that abundance of Christian bishops ought not to give place to the bishop of Rome; and that, if he was to meet in a place with the archbishop of Canterbury, our archbishop should take place of him.

'But I fear I have tired your lordship's patience. The bells call me to perform the duty of this holy-day for a fellow of our house that is gone into Norfolk, which I shall do every Sunday and holy-day, as long as I stay here. I am heartily sorry my condition is such that I have not a hood to wear over my surplice; and I have no prospect of getting one in this university, it being against the statutes and custom. I am, with all respect, My honoured lord,

Your lordship's always dutiful son,
and obedient humble servant, D. WILKINS.'

As these letters contain a variety of interesting particulars, the editor to whom no one, who is acquainted with his numerous and useful labours, can justly impute any want of industry or exertion, would have consulted the advantage of the reader by subjoining an index of the contents. We would wish him and other publishers of letters *which are worth publishing*, to attend to the reproof which the learned Morhoff passes on most of the editors of epistolary works.

'Illud denique *magnopere reprehendendum* est in plerisque epistolarum scriptoribus, *nullum illis adjici indicem*, qui de potissimis literarum contentis docere possito.' Morhoff, Vol. 1, lib. 1, cap. xxiii. § 8.

ART. IV.—*Metaphysical Essays; containing the Principles and fundamental Objects of that Science. By Richard Kirwan, Esq. LL.D.P.R.I.A.F.R.S. &c. &c. Vol. I. pp. 506.* Payne *and* Mackinlay. 1809.

'METAPHYSICKS,' says the author, 'comprehend three objects of inquiry: first, the true signification of words used in treating of intellectual subjects; secondly, a true notion of the human mind, and of its principal phenomena; thirdly, proper notions of the Supreme Being, and his most important attributes.

Of these objects, the second seems the principal. The first has in fact little more relation to metaphysicks than to any other science; for no science can be developed without words nor rendered intelligible to others unless the sense of the words which are employed be definite and clear. But in a metaphysical treatise, as in a treatise on any other subject, the sense of the words should be rendered so clear and definite by the use, that those who read the book may be able to understand it without a dictionary of the terms. Where the terms are used in a clear definite sense no ambiguity can arise. If Mr. Kirwan thought it right to accompany this treatise with an explanation of terms, would it not have been better to have arranged them in the form of a glossary at the end of the work, to which a reference might be made as soon as any ambiguity arose? With respect to what the author calls the third object of metaphysicks 'proper notions of the Supreme Being and his most important attributes,' we must confess that to obtain and to communicate these notions appears to us more appropriate to the province of theology than of metaphysicks. And though we know that theology and metaphysicks are often confounded, by which both are rendered more obscure, we are anxious as much as possible to keep them apart and to make them objects of distinct consideration.

The proper object of metaphysicks according to us is an analysis of the properties of mind. The mind, though one and indivisible, has various modes of operation. These modes, when considered by themselves and as distinguished from other modes, are called faculties, as memory, imagination, judgment, &c.; and the mind, when resolved into these faculties is often considered as an organic compound, or complication of machinery, which, like a watch or any other mechanical instrument, may be taken to pieces and put together again. But these faculties are not so many distinct

parts of the mind but only so many distinct modes of its agency. The great percipient is only one. It is the same mind which *judges*, which *wills*, which *associates*, which *remembers*.

To analyse the faculties of the mind is to show its different modes of operation. For the mind of man, like that of the divinity, the *ens entium*, can be known only from its modes of sensible operation. The mind itself, the self-conscious percipient, the only real existence in the constitution of man, is placed beyond the reach of human observation, and those who resolve the thinking principle into a convolution of organic fibres like the brain, might as well suppose the thinking power of the Almighty spirit to consist only in the organized system of the visible universe. If there be any reality, like what is called *matter*, and if that matter, when fashioned into a brain, can *think* as a certain class of persons called materialists suppose, then, on the same principle, why should not the organic universe possess the *thinking* faculty as well as the human brain?

The first essay in this volume, which extends as far p. 149, is taken up with explanations of terms some of which might have been omitted without any disadvantage to the work, as their signification is sufficiently clear and definite without the aid of a glossary. For instance, in § i. c. ii. the author attempts to explain the terms ('being, existence, essence, possibility;') the notions included in which are too well known to need any explanation, and the definite use of these terms in the treatise itself would have prevented any mistake in the application. In § ii. we find explanations of these words 'substance, nature, subsistence and personality.' Of these what the author says on the term 'substance,' seems to us very definite and satisfactory. This we shall quote because it will at the same time serve to show the metaphysical system which the author has embraced, and which many profound thinkers have deemed to furnish the most lucid insight into the phenomena of mind.

'*Substance* in the metaphysical sense denotes the subject of various states, attributes, powers, or modifications, its essence or identity remaining the same, and to which various properties belong or are ascribed, though its *essence* be absolutely unknown. It is a being essentially perceptive.

'The knowledge we have of it is derived from our consciousness that our mind, soul, or thinking principle, is one and the same when we feel pleasure and when we feel pain; when we grieve and when we rejoice; when we see and when we do not see; when we

desire, will, or resolve; and when we judge, &c. The subject of these different states of our mind, whether active or passive, we call its *substance.*

'The *existence* of only three sorts of substances is known to us; that of our own minds by consciousness, that of other men by analogy, that of God by ratiocination and analogy, and that of angels by revelation. The existence of that substance, which is usually ascribed to the fictitious external objects of our sensations, is not only destitute of any solid proof, but absolutely impossible, as will hereafter be proved; but, in a physical sense, that is, in common language, certain aggregates of sensations, or sensible qualities comprehended under the same name, are called substances.'

What Mr. Kirwan says on 'subsistence,' might as well not have been said, for it adds nothing to the stock of our knowledge nor to the number of our ideas.

'Duhamel,' says Mr. Kirwan, 'owns that the distinction of subsistence from substance is only known to us though the mysteries of the Trinity and incarnation; that is *ignotum per ignotius.* Tournely also allows the different significations of subsistence to be theological fictions and scarcely intelligible.'

A metaphysical treatise, in which all that we want is clear ideas definitely expressed, should abstain even from the notice of these and similar absurdities. We are anxious to know what the truth is, rather than how it has been perverted. The author says that the definition of personality, which Dr. Paley has inserted in his Natural Theology, is the best. Dr. P. says 'the capacities of contriving, designing, and *reasoning*, constitute personality, for they imply consciousness and thought; Mr. Kirwan has added reasoning;' for he says that 'else brute animals might be called persons,' which is not done even by them who allow them thought. The definition of personality, as it has been exhibited by Dr. Paley and improved by Mr. Kirwan, appears to us very indefinite and obscure. For if '*the capacities of contriving, designing, and reasoning, constitute personality,*' personality does not belong to a man in a fit of apoplexy or in a state of intellectual vacuity. But may not personality be predicated of an ideot as well as a sage? Personality does not necessarily imply intellectual activity. What then does personality constantly imply? The exterior or interior identity of the human individual in any circumstances.

§ iii. treats of 'mode, property, quality, accident.' Here we find nothing that strikes us as erroneous, but much that needed no explanation, and therefore superfluous. 'Dif-

ference, distinction, privation, opposition,' constitute the subject of § iv. Here the author makes a just and nice discrimination between *difference* and *distinction.* Difference is opposed to similarity, in one or more respects, as a globe of metal, and a globe of ivory,' of the same dimensions are similar in respect to their shape, but different in every other respect.' But *distinction* denotes the absence of exact identity; as two globes of the same metal ' may be exactly similar and consequently not differ in any respect from each other;' but which are yet perfectly distinct, since they are two and not one. But in this section as in other places, Mr. Kirwan undertakes to explain some things which can hardly be rendered more clear and definite by any explanation. § v. treats of ' unity, number, quantity, individuation, identity, infinite, indefinite.' Mr. K. says that ' quantity denotes any thing susceptible of increase or diminution, until this increase arrives at its *maximum,* or the diminution to a *minimum.*' This appears rather a vague definition and improperly expressed. How is a diminution to ' *arrive to a minimum?*' A better definition would be :—quantity expresses the relation of things with respect to magnitude; and this magnitude is greater or less in proportion to the comparative criterion of large or small which is present in the mind.

Mr. K. does not agree with Mr. Locke in thinking identity to be a relation either to time or place. Identity is one of those subjects, which has been much perplexed by the explanation. The idea of identity is derived from observing the oneness of our consciousness, or the consciousness of being the same percipient at different intervals of time. But, though identity, as applied to man, denotes the power of self-recognition, yet that power does not constitute identity; for the identity of any particular individual is not destroyed by want of reminiscence. Identity, as applied to man, denotes strictly the same unchanged and unchangeable, percipient unity, notwithstanding any diversity of modes or of relations as to time, place, or other objects which it may have experienced. But identity cannot properly be predicated of inanimate things which are made up of fluctuating modes. The term identity, for example, when applied to a tree, or a plant, to an oak or a cabbage, denotes rather the continuity of specific similitude than of the same essential individuality.

The profound author of the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion says in his dissertation on personal identity, that:

'what makes vegetables the same in the common acceptation of the word, does not appear to have any relation to this of personal identity; because the word *same*, when applied to them and to person, is not only applied to different substances, but it is also used in different senses. For when a man swears to the same tree, as having stood fifty years in the same place, he means only the same to all the purposes of property and uses of common life, and not that the tree has been all that time the same in the strict philosophical sense of the word.'

According to the author whom we have just quoted, the identity of a plant 'consists in a continuation of the same life, communicated under the same organization, to a number of particles of matter, whether the same or not.' We shall not make any remark on what the author says on infinitude in § vi. because we do not think that his explanation is likely to dissipate the obscurity in which the subject is involved.

In § vii. the author treats of 'action, change, force, power, object, subject, perfection, cause, manner, principle, chance.' Here we find much that is very forcibly opposed to the doctrine of the materialists. Thus we are told that 'action is a modification of mind produced by the mind itself;' and that when the mind judges or when it wills it produces its own modifications. But the materialists pretend that the mind is passive in all its determinations; that, like a soft substance, it is more fit to receive than to communicate impressions; that its judgments, instead of being free, are the effect of invisible coercion, and whether it chooses either good or evil, its acts are equally the result of an irresistible necessity. But, according to Mr. Kirwan, p. 69, 'the mind itself essentially possesses the power of producing its volitions or nolitions, and its judicial determinations.'

'And indirectly, that is, by the intervention of, and in conformity with, certain laws appointed by the Supreme Being, it can at will alter its ideas, and in many cases its sensations excite motion in its own body, and by it in other bodies; and this may be considered as an efficient cause though secondary.'

When the mind *clearly perceives* the relation or discordancy between two or more ideas or propositions, assent or dissent necessarily ensues. The mind may be under the influence of prejudices which may obscure the perception, or produce an insensibility to the force of truth; or it may be influenced by considerations which cause it to disguise its convictions. But this does not prove that the evidence of

truth, when perceived, does not force the assent of the understanding; for, in the first case, owing to the obscuration of prejudice, the evidence is not seen; and, in the second, it is seen, but not confessed. But if the evidence of truth be of such a nature as to coerce the assent of the mind, how can the mind be said to be free in its judgments? In the act of judging we are certainly not free, for we must be determined by the *evidence*. It is not at our option to assent either to truth or to error; for the mind cannot help, at least secretly, yielding its assent to that proposition, which to the reason of the individual appears to possess the preponderance of proof. Hence we see that from the natural constitution of the mind, and from the force of those relations in which we are placed, there is such a natural agreement between the evidence of truth and the assent of the mind, that truth needs no other auxiliaries than itself to support its interests, or to plead its cause. Hence also we discern the folly of those who have endeavoured to establish it by external violence, or to give it currency by any extraneous means. But we will not follow this digression, which, if our limits would permit, we should have a pleasure in tracing to the most important consequences.

The freedom of the mind does not consist in the act of judging; but *it is exercised during the previous examination*. The mind is free to examine its opinions, or to acquiesce without examination. It may endeavour to arrive at the truth by investigation; or, instead of forming any judgments of its own, it may put up with those judgments which it has derived from traditional descent, or from personal authority. Thus far the mind is free to form an enlightened judgment, or to judge without any other intellectual light, than what is reflected from the opinions of other men. And thus far we are morally accountable for judging ill when we do not employ all the means of forming a right judgment which are in our power. We cannot help judging right when the evidence of truth is luminously placed before the mind; but we can often help judging wrong by endeavouring to obtain the best proof which the question allows, and by not suffering inferior considerations to impede us in the search after truth. This appears to us the true state of the case with respect to the *liberty of the judgment*.

We will now consider the question of liberty with respect to the election of the conduct which we pursue in life. That there is no action which is not influenced by motives, though those motives are often of such a nature as to elude the notice of the individual, is as true as another pro-

position, that there is no effect without a cause. No man moves even his arm nor his foot without some contemporaneous volition, and this volition, which is a state of the mind inducing action, is as much caused by some motive, even though unperceived, as any of those volitions of which we have a more conscious perception in the greater events of life. But though the motives of man, considered in their agency on the will, necessarily give rise to his actions when no external constraint is imposed, yet it does not hence follow that there is no liberty in his election or his conduct. His actions, as far as they arise from the exercise of his understanding on the right or the wrong, on the good or the evil that is placed before him in the path of life, are essentially free. No constraint is placed on his moral choice. But sensation and reason which often operate like two contravening powers in the frame of man, sollicit to different objects of pursuit, and present different views of good. Sensation prompts to present, reason, which is a more sober monitor, incites to future enjoyment. A present and fugitive good is more the object of the one, a future, but more permanent, of the other. Sensation too often prevails, because it finds auxiliaries in the passions, while reason supports its conclusions only by the deductions of experience, and a calm estimate of happiness. In these circumstances man is at full liberty to choose a fleeting or a durable good, to obey the impulses of sensation or the dictates of reason. But the materialist will tell us that a man's actions are the sole result of his circumstances, and that, whether he does good or evil he has no liberty of choice. Experience, however, proves the contrary, and the *self-consciousness of liberty*, which every person possesses, and the regret, which follows the abuse, are satisfactory evidence that this liberty is identified with his moral constitution.

If two actions of opposite tendencies, as for instance the stealing of a purse on the highway, or the going to church and receiving the sacrament sollicit the choice of any individual, the necessarians will tell us that he can possess no choice in the case, but that he is invincibly compelled to do the action which he does; and that every man in similar circumstances would do the same. Hence virtue and vice are amalgamated as far as respects the merit or demerit of the individual; and every volition is resolved into destiny.

But the necessarians will not deny that man possesses the faculty of reflection, and that in all or most difficult cases, he reflects before he acts. Those actions which most properly deserve the name of free, and to which alone the gene-

ral epithets of virtuous or vicious can be applied, are the result of more or less previous deliberation. Different motives or considerations, tending to influence volition, are placed before the mind, which is not constrained in its choice, but acts according to the views of good which it entertains at the time. When the resolve of the mind is once fully formed, and no external impediment intervenes, the act necessarily ensues. But though any particular act is the result of necessity, when a previous resolve has been formed, yet that *previous resolve was optional in the mind either to accept or to reject.* All the *necessity,* therefore, which there is in the actions of every individual, must have been originally induced by *choice. The mind was free in its previous deliberations, though necessity may be predicated of that which the mind wills.* For though the mind may balance probabilities, compare reasons, and hesitate before it decides, yet as far as it exercises an act of volition, it cannot will at one and the same time not to do that which it does, nor to do that which it does not. As the question of liberty or necessity appears to us to be one of great importance in the conduct of life, we have thought it right to say thus much on the subject, which is usually perplexed in proportion as it is discussed. We are advocates for liberty in the way that we have explained it; and our view of the subject, does not, like the scheme of the necessarians, confound the distinctions of virtue and of vice, and destroy the moral responsibility of man.

(To be continued.)

ART. V.—*Reports on the Effects of a peculiar Regimen on Schirrous Tumours and Cancerous Ulcers. By William Lambe, M.D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians.* 8vo. Mawman. 1809.

THERE have been few systematic attempts to ascertain the effects of regimen. Much patience, indeed, was evinced by Sanctorius, and other labourers in the same field of experiment. But their observations being all directed to one point—the determination of the quantity of perspirable matter, their judgment was biassed by a preconceived hypothesis. A very ingenious physician of our own country, who seems to have united a scrupulous fidelity with an unremitting zeal in the investigation of truth, undertook a course of experiments on diet, which about twenty years ago were published several years after the death of their author.

This was Dr. William Stark; whose works were collected and edited by Dr. James Carmichael Smyth. He was the subject of his own experiments. He lived for a time on bread and water, then he added sugar, oil, milk, &c. to his bread; then he came to animal substances, noting down, in regular tables, the most remarkable effects upon the body, health, and spirits. But Dr. Stark was, unfortunately, cut off whilst engaged in these experiments, and before he had arrived at any satisfactory conclusions. There is but one important fact of which he gave pretty strong proof, it is that sugar taken in large quantities induced scorbutic symptoms.

It is questionable whether the experiments of Dr. Stark were continued with the perseverance necessary to afford any certain conclusions. Living on vegetables for a month or two is little more than what is annually done by the Roman Catholics; and if any thing positive or important could be deduced from such a course, there can be no defect of materials to proceed upon. The whole time occupied by his experiments was no more than seven months; during which he tried four-and-twenty varieties of regimen. This time, as we may conclude from facts in the history of diseases, and as is evident from some contained in this inquiry, is not sufficient to ascertain the effects of a single course.

That more may be effected in chronic diseases by regimen than by medicine, is conformable to the sentiments both of philosophers and physicians. 'Curing of diseases,' says Lord Bacon, 'is effected by temporary medicines; but lengthening of life requireth observation of diets.' The regimen of Dr. Lambe has at least the recommendation of simplicity in its favour. It consists of two parts. The first, which may be said to be peculiar to himself, regards a perpetual attention to the fluid matter which is used. The second is confining the patient to a strict vegetable diet. His sentiments on the first part of his regimen, Dr. Lambe gave to the world three or four years ago in his "*Inquiry into the Causes of Constitutional Diseases*;" of which the principal object was to recommend the practice of using water purified by distillation. The examples given of the utility of this practice had some weight with us; and in our review of the work, we spoke favourably both of the practice and of the candour of the author; though we could not regard the facts produced as by any means strong enough to establish the theory which the author attempted to build upon them. We see no reason to retract the opinion we then gave, since the doctor himself seems now nearly to have

adopted our sentiments. *Habes confitentem reum.* Let us hear his own words.

'Though I have not seen any reasons to alter the opinions I have advanced in my 'Inquiry into the Symptoms, Causes, and Cure of Constitutional Diseases,' but, on the contrary, have had some examples of its truth, more striking than any which I have related in that work; *a more prolonged experience*' (mark his words, gentle reader) 'has shown to me that the method I then proposed was imperfect and inadequate to the end proposed. In the first cases that I treated, though the relief of some of the symptoms was beyond expectation, others continued with unabating obstinacy, and afterwards were found to increase in severity; in others, again, the advantage gained seemed only temporary. I was at first inclined to ascribe the little effect produced upon a certain order of symptoms to a want of due perseverance in the plan laid down, but at length I found myself obliged to renounce this hypothesis. And now I am very ready to acknowledge, that I have known epilepsy continue its course with unabated violence, during a course of distilled water; that gouty fits, though their accustomed periods have been interrupted, and their violence much mitigated, that consumptive symptoms, that painful affections of the head, that even mania has made its first appearance, under circumstances, where I have reason to believe that the course of pure water had been very steadily adhered to.'

So much candour certainly disposes us to give a favourable ear to Dr. L.'s suggestions. His assertion on the subject of cancer is very simple and distinct. Cancer, under all its forms, is a disease naturally progressive. It more usually begins in a point; from which it spreads gradually, but not uniformly in every direction; more particularly in the course of the lymphatics. The lump becomes adherent to the skin, which becomes gradually discoloured. A hole is formed in the interior part of the tumour, the incumbent skin is removed, the subjacent parts slough, and a scabrous, and irregular, and painful tumour is changed into an equally irregular, jagged, and painful sore. During this time the thickening spreads both laterally and perpendicularly; the parts become adherent to the bones underneath, and the bones themselves are at length involved in the disease. Besides all this series of calamities, the lymphatic glands, in the course of absorption, swell, inflame, ulcerate, and become themselves carcinomatous, and this both internally and externally; large chains of diseased glands having been often detected after death, excited by the action of a cancerous sore. All this train of symptoms has been accounted for hitherto in two ways. First, a poison has been thought to be generated in the part: this would readily explain the circum-

stance of the disease spreading in the direction of the absorbing vessels; though it is not a proof of the real existence of a poison, simple irritation being often enough to swell and inflame the lymphatic glands. But, secondly, as the disease spreads also into parts unconnected with the course of absorption, and even quite opposite to it a cancerous part has been supposed to possess a peculiar and specific power of contamination, though the writers who espouse this idea confess themselves wholly ignorant of the nature or mode of this contamination. It is therefore a sort of occult quality, or expression, which, while it pretends to account for an extraordinary phenomenon, leaves us as much in the dark as ever with regard to its causes. Dr. Lambe's account of this property of the cancer is very simple, and as it professes to be deduced from experiment, it certainly merits the greatest attention. The spreading of cancer, he says, is wholly to be ascribed to the constant operation of deleterious matter with which common water is impregnated. The proof of this is, that by the use of distilled water the cancer, whether it be in the form of a tumour or of an ulcer, ceases to spread. The cases, which make up the body of these reports, are intended principally to prove and illustrate this very singular and unexpected fact, are not all of them equally satisfactory. But the first, third, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth, seem to establish this point very distinctly. He says,

'I am aware it may be objected, that when the cancer has become ulcerated, it does not always make the same progress as it did before; but it will sometimes become stationary, or even make some apparent advances to a natural cure. But in these cases, though this may happen in the part first affected, the disease has always been making progress in some other, commonly in some contiguous parts; the whole disease is never quiescent, its activity is merely transferred. Thus Hildanus relates a case of cancer of the tongue, in which a tubercle increased to the size of a chesnut; it ulcerated, and the ulcer contracted and closed, so that the whole seemed almost well except a little crack. But in the mean time some glands, which had tumefied under the chin, ulcerated internally, the *frænum linguæ* was destroyed, the lip swelled, and the whole tongue itself so much, as nearly to fill the cavity of the mouth. Mr. Home has recorded a similar circumstance in a case of cancer of the penis, where the disease in the gland became as it were quiescent, while the ravages committed in the groin were violent in the extreme. But in all the cases hitherto related, (except the second, where the subject was very old) and in those still to be reported, the quiescent state extended to the whole disease, it included every part alike, it began with the adoption of the regimen, and continued uniformly and steadily as long as it was continued.'

In the first case of cancer in which Dr. Lambe employed the distilled water, it had the effect which he has described, of reducing the disease to a state of quiescence; but paroxysms of sickness, wandering pains, and convulsive motions, continued to recur with unabated violence, the patient became dropsical, and seems to have died of that disorder.

'Now,' says Dr. L, 'one order of symptoms having been so clearly traced to the operation of the liquid *ingesta*, it became the most obvious suspicion, that errors in the nature and qualities of the solid aliment might be the occasion of some of the other very severe and intractable symptoms.'

These were the circumstances which induced Dr. Lambe to join to his course of distilled water a strict vegetable regimen. He has entered at some length into the question, often agitated by speculative inquirers, whether man be as he is commonly deemed, an omnivorous, or, as some others of no mean name have believed, an herbivorous animal. On this question he ranges himself on the side of the minority. The arguments he employs are not novel; and will probably fail to have much weight with the generality of readers. The analogy which exists between man and herbivorous animals he has laboured with the most care, and we must say that if he has not persuaded us to adopt his opinions, we adhere at least with less confidence to our own.

We think that the facts which Dr. Lambe has collected are too few to found upon them a general theory of this disease, nor do we doubt that a more extended experience will induce him to modify many of the conclusions, of the truth of which he is at present fully pursuaded. That a vegetable regimen is upon the whole favourable to longevity seems agreed by all who have given the subject of diet an attentive consideration. We cannot doubt therefore that the cancer, and perhaps all other diseases are much slower in their progress under Dr. Lambe's regimen, than under the common habits of life. But in the cancer, in particular, death is most commonly occasioned by disorder of the lungs. So it happened in the case on which Dr. Lambe lays the greatest stress, among those in which the disease at length terminated fatally. We allude to his sixth case, in which it appeared that the external disease was kept wholly stationary (that is it did not spread into the sound parts) for the long space of three years and two months. This is undoubtedly a very remarkable fact. But notwithstanding we find that the disease of the lungs came on, and eventually destroyed the patient. Under

these circumstances, we think it will require numerous cases, and the observation of several years to determine whether life can be prolonged to a considerable extent; and the constitution be preserved from the invasion of the consumptive symptoms. But we are anticipating remarks which perhaps we ought to have reserved till we had laid before our readers the conclusions which Dr. L. thinks himself warranted in drawing from the cases here recorded.

But we will first give a summary of the facts.

The first patient, as we have said, on whom the effect of using the distilled water alone was tried, lived about a year and half. The spreading of the cancer was immediately stopped; but she became dropsical, and had many other grievous sufferings under which she sunk. On this case, he remarks, that

'as during the space of more than eighteen months the schirrus tumour neither increased in bulk, nor formed adhesions to the side; nor spread into the surrounding parts, nor affected the skin; nor shewed the smallest disposition to ulcerate; (all, or some of which events form the common progress of the disease) as the ulcer of the surrounding skin, which had been gradually and uniformly spreading for five months, for the remaining eighteen remained in magnitude perfectly stationary, lost its carcinomatous character, and assumed the appearance of a healing sore; as the little ulcer followed a course precisely similar; as no more ulceration formed in the other tumours, but, on the contrary the skin where disease had begun, became entirely sound; it seems to follow irresistibly, that these, the proper symptoms of cancer, are occasioned by the use of common water; and are suspended and cured by the use of distilled water; and that therefore, *common water is the vehicle in which the poison of cancer is introduced into the system.*'

The second case related was of a very old and infirm subject; and for a very considerable time the complete regimen was observed. During the first eight or ten months the breast swelled and ulcerated, forming an open cancer of very large extent. After this for fifteen months, the disease never spread further, the basis of the ulcer cicatrized, but the cicatrization was not permanent. Nearly all the unsound part separated from the sound by repeated sloughings, and ulceration. Dr. L. conceives this subject to have been too old and feeble for a fair chance of success.

The third case was of a woman, whose breast had been extirpated some years before, a small tumour had appeared near the sternum, which after some time sloughed out, and a part of the cicatrix ulcerated. The woman used the distilled

water for thirteen months; but could not be persuaded to discontinue animal food. She died consumptive: but it was observed, that though neither the ulcer from which the tumour had sloughed, nor that upon the cicatrix, showed a disposition to heal, they did not spread into the surrounding parts.

From the fourth and fifth cases not much can be collected, as the patients died in a very few months. In each of them, however, the effect on the local disease was the same as in the others, it continuing within the limits it had attained before the adoption of the regimen.

The sixth case is the most striking of those which proved incurable. The disease was an ulcerated cancer of very great magnitude. It was prevented from spreading for the long space of three years and two months. Then a small thickening took place round the original schirrus. She lived three months longer; and was destroyed by pulmonary affection. The following is the account which the author gives of the beneficial effects of the regimen.

'It may be useful to bring together into one point the most prominent circumstances of this case, the long duration of which has obliged me to enter into a detail that may appear tedious. In six months, all the erysipelas, without the disease, was removed. In nine, the fungus arising from the base of the ulcer, which had begun to shrink immediately after the adoption of the distilled water, was wholly removed; and the ulcer was changed into a large and very deep hollow chasm. In fourteen, the power of using the arm was restored; a power she continued to retain to the last. The anasarca in the last year was trifling in degree, and rather unseemly than a real inconvenience. It never went further than the hand. In between sixteen and seventeen months all the parts which were reddened and inflamed about the main ulcer, the hot fiery pimples, the parts from which there had been a constant acrimonious discharge, and which had been encrusted with a foul matter, and which subsequently had broken out into several small ulcers, had become to the eye perfectly sound and healthy; and this appearance they retained to the last.

'And this was nearly the whole real benefit that was received, if we except the almost entire cessation of pain, and the stopping of the discharge; two circumstances which extremely promoted her comfort. But the ulcer itself proving incurable, the other changes were such merely as would take place in a cancerous ulcer of this description, and which preserved its nature till the end.'

Having related his unsuccessful cases, (as far as the ultimate fatal termination can be deemed such) Dr. L. gives

three examples to show that 'the cancerous tumour and the cancerous ulcer are really curable.' As the first of these furnishes a very strong proof of the utility of distilled water, even unassisted, we shall select it for the instruction of our readers.

'August 21st, 1805. Mrs. G—, a widow, aged 60, has had for many years a tumour in the right breast, which was originally caused by a pinch. It was in shape somewhat like a crescent, and of the magnitude nearly of two walnuts, placed together in such a manner that their longer axes made an obtuse angle with each other. Still there was but one tumour; it was hard and indolent; and felt of a granulated texture, as if composed of a great number of small tumours compacted together. The nipple was retracted and the skin puckered. Some blood had sometimes come out of the nipple, and there had also been a serous discharge from a crevice that had formed in the skin contiguous: but these occurrences were not recent. Notwithstanding the schirrous tumour, the bulk of the whole gland was not enlarged; but it was smaller than that of the sound breast. The axillary glands were not affected.

'In this condition had this tumour existed many years without appearing to be any material detriment to the health. She was lusty and well coloured. But still she was not without complaint. She had some suspicious uterine symptoms. Her constitutional affections were rather of the description that are called nervous, than inflamatory, being attended with pale urine and other symptoms of hysteria.

'She used the distilled water nearly twelve months; and nothing could be more decided and satisfactory than the effect. She almost immediately appeared to have less tension and uneasiness. In two months the nipple became more elevated, and the wrinkle of the skin in a considerable degree unfolded. In five or six months, the little tumours, of which the whole was apparently composed, were much more distinct, so that the mass seemed splitting into different parts. In a short time after this, a large quantity of serous discharge took place from the same point, as it had formerly done; the point from which it flowed seemed to be the cicatrix of a small superficial ulcer, which opened afresh. At the end of a twelve month, the whole tumour was either wholly, or very nearly absorbed, and the skin of the breast was brought almost into close contact with the pectoral muscle.'

The circumstances of the next case (the eighth) were nearly similar; but the process was slower. After ten or eleven months the tumour inflamed, so as apparently to threaten to slough; but the event proved otherwise. After this occurrence the tumour began to be absorbed with the

same phenomena as in the former case. The glands of the axilla, which had been tumified, subsided.

The ninth case was one of a cancerous ulcer. It had been open for a twelvemonth, when the course was begun, in June, 1807. It continued open for a twelvemonth more.

'About the middle of 1808,' Dr. Lambe informs us, 'she began to feel more pain than usual; some hæmorrhage took place; this was soon followed by a considerable degree of inflammation, attended with more pain, and a much greater discharge of watery matter; the schirrous edges, then began to soften and to come gradually away in pieces of about an inch long, and as thick as a quill. In consequence of this, the cavity of the ulcer was greatly increased in magnitude; and the discharge again assumed the colour and consistence of cream. This process was attended with much fetor. The discharge gradually abated, the ulcer contracted, and now it perfectly and completely closed up, the surrounding skin being brought down to the base of the ulcer, and covering it perfectly. So entirely is the ulcer obliterated, that except for some relics of the disease about to be related, it would be impossible by mere inspection to determine the precise situation which it had occupied.'

We have already made some remarks on the inferences Dr. L. has drawn from the cases he has hitherto treated. It is time that our readers should be put in possession of them. They are as follows:

'1st. The spreading of schirrous tumours into the contiguous parts is immediately stopped by the use of distilled water. This has happened uniformly in every case, in which the experiment has been made, and instantaneously in all, except in case ii. where the patient was both extremely infirm, and far advanced in years.

'2d. But the thickening process is not absolutely prevented, but it is only suspended. In case vi. it was suspended for three years and two months, when a small thickening took place. In case ix. when the thickened edges of the ulcer had sloughed, new thickened edges were formed, which in their turn also sloughed. The thickening process is not then to be esteemed a diseased action, but rather a necessary step to the removal of the diseased part.'

'3d. Schirrous tumours, by the use of pure water are removed from the system by absorption. This appeared in cases i. vii. and viii. There is no restoration of the diseased part to its original healthy condition, but there is a complete loss of substance which it is probable will continue through life. To produce this absorption, it is not necessary to confine the patient to vegetable food, though a regard to the general health would render it advisable to adopt this measure.

'4th. Cancerous ulcerations may be cicatrized by the combined

use of distilled water and a vegetable diet. In case i. in which the animal food was continued, I suspect the parts would not have become quite sound. But in case vi. though ultimately fatal, several ulcerations cicatrized, and continued sound through the remainder of life.

'5th. A cancerous ulcer of large extent has been healed by the surrounding skin closing over and becoming bound down to the basis of the ulcer. The health too, being at least as good as when the patient entered on the regimen, life, it is probable, may be prolonged to an indefinite extent.'

On this latter assertion we have already commented, and indeed the author confesses that it requires a long series of years to determine what may be the limits and extent of life in those where the system has suffered so destructive a disease.

Besides the cases of cancer, there is a very circumstantial and satisfactory account of a spasmodic asthma radically cured by the use of distilled water and a vegetable diet. The patient is (or rather was) Mr. J. F. Newton, of Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, who informs us, (for the case is related by himself) that he has in consequence adopted this mode of living in his family.

We cannot conclude this article without stating that the public are under considerable obligations to Dr. Lambe, for the patient research which he has displayed in investigating the properties of common water, and of animal food; for the several experiments which he has instituted; and for the singular candour with which he has related his failures and his cures. The annals of medicine will not readily furnish any instance in which a physician, prepossessed in favour of a particular theory, has developed its practical results with so much ingenuousness, simplicity, and truth. In perusing this work of Dr. Lambe, we were strongly impressed with the feeling that the author has no intention to mislead by erroneous, nor to impose by exaggerated statements. His object is rather to benefit his fellow creatures than to obtain practice by the medium of credulity. The cases which Dr. Lambe has related, if they do not appear fully to establish his theory, at least prove that the virulence of cancer is abated, the sufferings of the patient alleviated, and the life prolonged by the regimen which he has prescribed. To have done only thus much in cases which exclude even hope under every other known mode of treatment, is certainly to have conferred no common benefit on mankind. We trust that the ulterior researches of the author will throw still farther light not only on the cure of cancer, but of other diseases which still constitute the reproach of the medical fraternity.

ART. VI.—*Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet; containing a Series of elegant Views of the most interesting Objects of Curiosity in Great Britain, accompanied with Letter-press Descriptions. Vols. III. IV. V.* Clarke, New Bond-street.

THE reputation of this small but interesting work is now so well established, that our praise will perhaps add little to its fame, and our censure, as it will only apply to infrequent errors in judgment, and to those unavoidable failures in practice in which the mechanical execution has not exactly followed the will, can detract nothing from its value; for we know of no work of art of equal extent and variety less tainted with such imperfections.

To name all the engravings deserving of a high degree of praise, would be little less than to give a catalogue of the whole; but we will direct the reader's attention to a few which appear to us particularly excellent, whilst we point out, especially for the consideration of Messrs. Storer and Greig, some instances of deficiency, of which the future vigilance of the artists may prevent the recurrence.

The frontispiece to the third volume has a claim to uncommon praise. It is the S. door of Moorvenstowe church, engraved by Greig from a drawing by Prout, and is almost unequalled in delicacy, richness, relief, and the true effect of time-worn stone. The explanation of this beautiful subject will afford a specimen of the descriptive part of the work.

'This venerable church is surrounded by the boldest works of nature, and having braved the storms of many ages, presents to the lovers of antiquity a durable specimen of Anglo-Norman architecture. The southern entrance is through a porch which at present is nearly perfect; the external parts of this entrance are ornamented with a band of zig-zag flat and inverted, and a string of roses springing from two animals: on the pediment is a group of figures resembling crocodiles, with a chain from their mouths intwining a lamb; and at each corner of the pediment is a large grotesque head. The interior door is an arch richly moulded, and ornamented with a variety of heads of the non-descript kind; these are surrounded with a zig zag ornament similar to that on the outward appearance of the porch. On each side of the door are three pillars with large capitals, diversely and exquisitely wrought in the peculiar manner of the age in which they were executed; some of the heads on this door having been defaced, it appears from their remains that the foundation of the artist's labour in their formation was nothing more than a plain round pebble wrought into different characters by means of a hard composition.'

Part of the interior of this church, which is in a corresponding style of architecture, is the subject of an excellent engraving by Storer.

In the 'Chapel of Oakhampton Castle' Mr. Storer has been very happy in conveying the idea of colour; his ruins appear in the very act of crumbling, his landscape is agreeable, and his sky uncommonly liquid and tender.

In the engraving of the 'Arx Diaboli' (as it is here called with indelicate delicacy, as if to unite a classical name with the sound of its most vulgar appellation,*) Mr. Storer has copied the drawing of Mr. Thornhill in an artist-like manner, and has succeeded well in conveying the effect of a deepening gloom. Perhaps it would have added to the character of stillness, if the fragments of rock on the foreground which receive a subdued light, had been kept yet more in shadow, and less obtrusively handled: *one* figure also, would have been better than a greater number.

The interior of St. Sepulchre's Church at Northampton bears honourable testimony to the talents of Mr. Greig, both as a draughtsman and an engraver: but we disapprove of the introduction of pews: they make no part of the original plan of our ancient structures, but obscure much of the building, and often disturb the proportion of the whole. In this instance, Mr. Greig has managed them so as to be as little injurious as possible.

The views of Wollaston, and Scott's Grotto, are the only subjects in the fourth volume, which are not interesting either on account of their beauty, or their antiquity. The circumstance of that of Wollaston being taken from the *bottom* of a Roman mound, *from the summit of which there is an extensive prospect*, gives it just the same importance that a view up Watling Street would claim because St. Paul's was at the artist's elbow.

We are not admirers of grottoes: if we were, that at Amwell would have no pretence to our admiration; it is a staring, tasteless, pile; a succession of three deformed pediments without elegance, simplicity, or picturesque effect. This was probably intended by the architect, that these qualities might strike the more on entering it. Mr. Greig appears to have been humbled by his subject. The flat and scratchy foliage of the larch, or spruce-fir, on the right, the lace-like foliage and disproportioned stems of the distant trees;

* We are to imagine that the countryman intends to call it "the devil's art" when he shocks the ears of ladies with a more intelligible and more odious word.

and the insipidity of the whole, are unworthy of him. His engraving of the porch of Balderton church, in the same volume, has none of the delicacy and appropriate handling which are so admirable in his other etchings. The perspective of the upper band of chevron-work is unintelligible to us; this, we must probably attribute to the draughtsman.

Verùm opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

And when we consider that the artists are engaged upon the work under all the varied circumstances to which the human mind and body are continually subject, we wonder at finding so few instances of failure; and it would be unreasonable not to forgive them.

Among the most beautiful engravings of this volume we must include the singular S. porch of Launceston church, and the more extraordinary N. porch of East Teignmouth. We must discharge the more unpleasant part of our critical duty by remarking that Mr. Storer has been very unsuccessful in the interior of Waltham-Abbey church, which is coarse, harsh, and dry; though his drawing of the perspective has much merit.

The fourth volume, among many other beautiful and well executed subjects, contains a most elegant view of Byenacre Priory, drawn and engraved by Greig; and a most picturesque view of Bishop's Teignton church, from a drawing by Prout, in which Mr. Greig has shewn great taste, and an artist-like attention to the colours and qualities of objects. There are four engravings from Ifley church; two of its western front, one of its north, and another of its south door; all from drawings by Mr. Storer. The two last, though not equal to the western door in redundancy of ornament, are amongst the best executed etchings in the work; and are equal in clearness and relievo to any similar prints in our recollection, of even four times their magnitude: the effect of light, in both of them, is particularly pleasing.

The fifth volume contains many beautiful examples of the Anglo-Norman, and pointed styles of architecture. The church of St. Cross is one of the most interesting of these. In Milner's 'Rise and Progress of the pointed Arch,' he considers this pile as 'a collection of architectural essays.' There is a considerable difference between two of the engravings accompanying this 'essay,' and the corresponding ones in the subject of our criticism; particularly in those of the two pointed arches of the south transept. There is more of detail, and therefore probably greater accuracy, in

the engravings of Mr. Greig; but they all, equally well, answer the purpose of Mr. Milner's theory.

Greensted church, and the interior of Thundersley church, are exquisite engravings of Greig, from his own drawings; the latter is singularly beautiful. There are several excellent engravings of Wingfield Manor-house, from drawings by J. Hardwick. St. Cleer's Well, by Greig, is a most simple and brilliant production; and the south door of Kilkhampton church is finished with great delicacy and clearness by Storer; they are both from drawings by Prout.

We have already noticed two subjects which appeared to us unworthy of admission into the Antiquarian Cabinet: our duty requires us to notice a third, "Ascough Fee Hall." This building, we are informed is a *restoration* of an edifice erected about A. D. 1420. The centre of the building is ornamented with a very obtuse pediment, containing a semi-circular sash-window. Two tiers of handsome windows in every respect modern, except that they terminate in a point, enlighten the front. A pointed arch of wood, and lead, projects six or eight feet before the door, supported by two circular columns of Corinthian proportions. Such is the consequence of the proprietor's endeavour to 'restore to its ancient character,' a building of the early part of the 15th century! We should have been reluctant to expose the architectural blunders of a private gentleman, did not the imposing characters F. S. A. attached to his name, give something like a sanction to this farrago.

In looking over these volumes, we have had reason to remark that both Mr. Storer and Mr. Greig possess great versatility of talent; but there are some points in which they are both capable of improvement. Mr. Storer fails most in his trees; he etches them when distant with too strong and jagged an outline; and his leafing is sometimes heavy and lumpish: for instance, the tree on the left hand of the otherwise beautiful print of the Chapter-house of Thornton-Abbey. His foreground trees, on the contrary, are often too thin and scratchy.

Mr. Greig is very happy in his distant foliage, and engraves landscape with great clearness and feeling; but his foreground trees, when *cutting on the sky*, want firmness; and are deficient in respect to masses. These are prevailing defects in modern prints, and modern drawings; as if solidity and depth were inconsistent with a sufficient degree of lightness. It may be alleged that we are condemning the exact copying of natural forms; we are so, as far as it respects foreground trees: they make so very small a part of the

view, that except they have something singular to render them remarkable, we should recommend the frequent substitution of a more beautiful group, or of one more in character with the rest of the picture.

We have no doubt that these brother artists will reflect on our hints; and, if they think that by doing so no superior quality will be sacrificed, remove the only objections (trifling ones, we acknowledge) that we think generally applicable to their work.

The perusal of the Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet has afforded us very great pleasure: it unites an art and a science, which the late excellent antiquary, Mr. Gough, lamented as not likely ever to be combined in a state of excellence; and from the abilities of the artist, so well employed on the researches of the antiquary, the public is in possession of a work which we predict will outlive more assuming and more expensive publications of the same nature. It has established the characters of its conductors, and we hope has afforded them (to use a ministerial phrase) the more *tangible* good of pecuniary compensation.

ART. VII.—*The Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English Blank Verse. By James R. Deare, LL.B. Vicar of Bures in Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty. Price 7s.* Longman. 1808.

THE fashion of the day, acting with the full powers of a commander in chief, has newly regulated the uniform of the several poetical corps lately transferred into the British service from the veteran bands of Greece and Rome, and curtailing the long skirts and monkish appendages of rhyme, has already clothed a great part in the succinct habiliment of blank verse. The admirers of the old costume will not forgive Mr. Deare for his attempt to introduce this innovation into a version of the most finished and graceful of didactic poems, and perhaps with bitter taunt will call him,

> 'cut-throat dog,
> And spit upon his gabardine.'

Yet, after all, without entering into the argument on the relative merits of blank verse and rhyme, or enlisting with a party, we may be permitted to state an opinion that a translation in unfettered verse *may be* no less natural and pleasing, and more like the original, than one wherein similar

sounds, and unvaried cadences must of necessity perpetually recur, in direct opposition to the rules of classical versification. Nay we are willing to proceed one step farther, and to affirm that the former species of verse, is by no means ill adapted to didactic poetry, grounding our conviction on the success of Dyer, J. Phillips, and other writers of established fame.

Our motive for offering these preliminary remarks is a wish that, in the case before us, a candid judgment may be formed according to the intrinsic value of the work, and not according to certain hard doctrines of proscription and exclusion, more calculated to excite the detestable spirit of party, than to promoté the cause of just criticism. The kingdom of literature may be said to have its tories, and its jacobins. Thus they, who are adherents to the long established system of translations in rhyme may consider themselves as the loyal, and treat with disdain those who, contending for the freedom of blank verse, and equally impatient of opposition, may denominate themselves the friends of liberty. For our part we deprecate the introduction of intolerant systems of whatever kind, and are far from attempting to reconcile unavoidable differences in matters of taste and feeling, the causes of which differences must be sought deeper in the nature of man than we can go, without neglecting the business before us, which in the present instance is to weigh the merits of Mr. Deare's translation abstractedly from the general question, whether blank verse is, or is not, the preferable medium for a translation of a didactic poem from a classical language.

Strict justice will not sanction unqualified praise of this, nor indeed of any version of the Georgics, which is not polished *ad unguem*. It is probably the study of a young and ingenious artist, capable of representing the outline with a free and not inelegant hand, but who has wanted either care or experience in finishing. The master was seven years in producing his immortal work, and if the scholar had exceeded that time, and gone beyond the Horatian period of suppression, or at least had engaged in the revision of his performance some of those learned friends of whom he speaks in his preface, we agree with him, that 'without doubt it would have been much better than it is.'—But the vegetation of a vernal genius is not easily to be repressed; and Canute might as well attempt to controul the course of nature, and bid the wave reverence his royal foot, as a critic to stay the progress of a bard impatient to burst into public notice. Mr. Deare seems to have adhered with an almost

verbal scrupulosity to the literal version in prose by professor Martyn; consequently we are released from the necessity of examining the fidelity of his interpretation, since it rests upon the same ground as that of a work, which has been before the public more than half a century. It must be owned that the professor proved himself to be an indefatigable pioneer; but would it not have been more judicious if the present translator had availed himself of his own powers, and cut his own way through the difficulties of the original, as far as it was practicable, without foreign aid? The fresh cast should have been from his own conception, which would have diffused an air of novelty, to which correctness might have been superadded by subsequent comparison with the labours of other artists. In proof of the servility with which he has followed his pedestrian leader, we adduce one or two passages.

'*Graviterq*; rudentes,
Cædunt, &c.' *Georg. iii.* 374,

'*Loud*' is by no means an obvious or a poetical version of *graviter*

'They meet the murderous knife,
And *loudly* braying, swell the hunter's shout.'
Deare.

The professor says,

'They make a *loud* braying.'

'Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora *setis*.'
G. iii. 383.

'Whom slaughter'd beasts clothe with their tawney spoils.'
Deare.

'And have their bodies covered with the yellow *spoils* of beasts.'
Martyn.

In another passage we believe that he has derived a beauty from a note in Martyn; we give him credit for his dexterity in availing himself of the hint.

'Aut tecto adsuetus coluber succedere et umbræ.
Pestis acerba boum, pecoriq; adspergere virus,
Fovit humum.' *G. iii.* 418.
'Or that dire poisoner and pest of herds
Wont to crouch low beneath the *litter'd* earth.'
Deare.

The note alluded to says that,

'*fovit* is used here for a serpent's keeping close to the earth *under the muck* of an uncleansed sheep-cote.'

In a perusal, not altogether cursory, we have discovered but one instance in which Mr. Deare deserts his guide, and therein he seems to have erred inadvertently.

> 'Multi jam *excretos* prohibent a matribus hædos.'
> *G. iii.* 398.
>
> 'And from the teat
> Many debar the *new-born* kids'—*Deare.*

excretos, *well-grown*, or as Martyn does it into farmer-like English 'as soon as they are grown *big*.'

He has even imitated his precursor in his omissions.

> 'Et lauri baccas, *oleamque*, cruentaque myrta.'
> *G. i.* 306.

Oleam has no representative in the prose, and for that reason we suppose is excluded from the verse.

We cannot therefore give this author much credit for his sincerity when he says in his preface, 'he has not, he trusts, been unmindful of such rules for translation as have been laid down by antient as well as by modern critics: but while he has reverenced the injunction of Horace.

> Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
> Interpres,

he has been too sensible of the absolute propriety of Virgil's language, not to have constantly kept in view the qualifying precept of Quintilian: 'Neque ego παραφραστν esse interpretationem tantum volo; sed circa eosdem sensus certamen atque æmulationem.'

But its poetical merit will principally determine the fate of this work. To us it appears that the expressions have no want of vigour, the sentences have a proper degree of variety in length and pause, the style in general is not bald and prosaic, yet notwithstanding that there is a want of that indescribable something so often wanted in the blank verse of the present day, which gives to it flow and ease and dignity and strength. Perhaps Mr. Deare has not sufficiently studied the elements of sound, without the just and harmonious combinations whereof no poetry can exist.—Perhaps he has

suffered the dead consonants to usurp the place of the aspirated, the sibilant *s* to predominate over the rough and generous *r*, the close vowels to supplant the open, or the mutes the liquids.—In the following line,

'And Tethys' daughter, dower'd with all her waves,'
G. i. 43.

the alliterative effect of the letters *d*, and *t*, is injurious. His prevailing fault of this nature appears to be the too frequent usage of the *s*. It is no defence to allege that sibilancy is the engrained fault of the English language, the example of our best writers will prove that much may be done towards removing this defect

'if she rise
Her face suffus'd with virgin blushes, wind
Awaits' *G. i.* 529.

'Or Sirius' star scorching the thirsty fields.' *G. ii.* 421.

Perhaps this may be justified as an echo of the sense, and may be said to be hissing hot. The sibilancy is not the only fault of the following line, of which, however, it is but justice to say, that not many similar are found in the book :

'Of Mars' frauds and stolen amorous joys.'
G. iv. 402.

The ear is offended also, with the frequent recurrence of words not duly naturalized or applied in an unusual or too learned sense. Novel taken as an adjective is generally a frigid expression. We see no beauty in the following words which should induce us, to take them from the class of aliens or at least to enrol them with poetical terms: *exsudates exsudation, quadrifid, exfoliated, valid* load, *explicates* its cohorts, *subtermural* stream, *roscid* moon ;

'Long o'er the smoky earth *explor'd*'

i. e. smoke dried ;

'Sweats *unabsolv'd*
Stick to their skins.'—

In a poem so finished and elegant as a translation of the Georgics ought to be, the admissibility of colloquial abbre-

viation may be questioned altogether; and, such as 'mongst, 'bove, 'bate for abate, will hardly be tolerated.

'And thou, Sylvanus, with thy cypress tree,'

the picturesque part of the description is omitted in this line

'Et *teneram ab radice* ferens, Sylvane, cupressum.'
'Through fame's empyreal realm,'

is but a Monmouth-street dress for

'victorque virum volitare per ora,

'Through Jove's grove,' would scarcely be tolerable in prose.

'With his helping hand.'—*G. iii. 552.*

"medicas manus," why not *healing* hand?

Two lines, and a part of a third in the fourth book are omitted in the translation.

'Quis deus, hanc Musæ, &c.'—L. 315,316.
and 'quid me cœlum sperare jubebas.'—L. 325.

"Densos divum amores" "the *thick* loves of gods," we doubt whether this usage of the adjective thick will be justified sufficiently, by its correspondence with the Latin epithet.

We will not assert that the following line does not contain a bull.

'Ixion stopp'd his *ever* rolling wheel.'—10, 565.

Notwithstanding these defects, we discover sufficient marks of ability to induce a wish that Mr. Deare had more diligently followed his master's precepts, and had brightened his plough-share with reiterated labour: his harvest then might have answered his most avaricious desires, and the copies of his work might have broken down his bookseller's shelves,—from their number, we mean,—not their long continued pressure.—The following passages give an earnest of what might have been expected from a degree of attention and care proportioned to the courage and nobleness of the attempt:

'Ah, happy he, to whom was given to sound
Great nature's depths, to banish every fear;
To triumph o'er inexorable fate,
And hold the hoarse wave of greedy Acheron

In deep subjection to his lofty mind!
And fortunate, who knows the rural gods,
Pan, old Sylvanus, and the sister nymphs;
Him not the popular fasces, nor the pomp
Of regal purple, nor fraternal bonds
By impious discord violated, move;
Not the fierce Dacian by his Ister sworn,
Nor schemes of state, nor kingdoms doom'd to fall,
No child of misery, claims his pitying tear,
No envied wealth his bosom's peace invades;
But in the produce of his native fields
He finds the recompense of all his toil.
Unknown to him the stern decrees of law,
And the mad forum, and the public rolls.'—*G. ii.* 586.

'Do you not see, when, from the goal dismiss'd
Contending cars now pour along the plain;
When hopes alternate swell, and thrilling *fears*
Depress the hearts of youthful charioteers;
Instant they ply the twisted lash and give
The slacken'd rein. The fervid axle flies,
Now low their course, and now aloft they seem
To mount the sky and ride the vacant air:
Nor pause nor rest; and now a floating cloud
Of yellow dust is rais'd; and on their rear
Humid with foam, the rival coursers press.
So great the love of praise, so great the care
Of victory.'—*G. iii.* 135.

'Thus, issuing from his hyperborean goal,
Incumbent Aquilo the Scythian storms
And hanging mists dispels: wide waves amain
The golden harvest; bend the murmuring woods
Their lofty summits to the rising breeze;
And the long billows curl their foamy heads,
And burst upon the shore:—alike o'er fields
And o'er the ruffled deep he sweeps his course.'—*G. iii.* 241.

The preface is avowedly old plate melted down and recast into a less massive form.—As to notes, fortunately for the readers, there are none.—A bust of Virgil is prefixed, in which there is a twist of the neck not accordant with the received idea of the person of the original.

In his dedication to his father, Mr. Deare quotes these lines from Pope:

'Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised, who, but endeavour'd well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldier's too.'

Though we do not feel ourselves authorised to decree a triumph, we cheerfully award to this author the corona aurea for having so well *endeavoured.*

ART. VIII.—*The Soldier's Orphan, a Tale, by Mrs. Costello; 3 Vols.* Longman. 1809.

THIS is an artless and well told tale; the moral is excellent; though there may not appear much *novelty* in the story to the generality of novel-readers. The work itself may very safely be put into the hands of any young lady, who will do well to imitate the virtues of Louisa Fitzormond the heroine. The characters are naturally drawn, and well grouped. The fortitude, the delicacy, and the patience, which Louisa displays under very severe trials, do great credit to the authoress; who, in her delineations of female character, has evinced much knowledge of life and a great love of virtue.

Mrs. Costello's remarks on parental authority, calumny, &c. &c. are very just; and the plain good sense which is diffused through the story is much more useful, and deserves more attention from young people than the garnish of French, or of German sensibility.

Louisa Fitzormond's father is represented as an amiable and accomplished young officer, who is, in a great measure, dependent on a rich uncle of the name of Courland. Mr. Courland's nearest neighbour is the Earl of Belhaven, a proud peer, who offends Mr. Courland by his contumelious behaviour, so that a cordial hatred between the two families is the consequence. Fitzormond, when on a visit to his uncle, accidentally meets with Lord Belhaven's daughter; a reciprocal attachment is the result; and they marry against the inclination of the Earl and of Mr. Courland. The latter disinherits his nephew, and the earl turns his back on his daughter.

Fitzormond, after a time is ordered to join his regiment in the East Indies;—on their way to the coast they are overtaken by a storm; the carriage is overturned, and the lady Louisa Fitzormond, who is too much alarmed and hurt to proceed, is carried to the house of a Mr. Howard, a benevolent clergyman, who lives with a maiden sister, where the lady dies in giving birth to the heroine of our tale.

Fitzormond departs in a state little short of distraction,

leaving his infant to the care of Mr. Howard and his sister Mrs. Martha Howard. Letters pass between Fitzormond and Mr. Howard, and proper remittances are received for some years; but, through the treachery of a friend of Fitzormond, with whom he entrusts some valuables to be conveyed to Mr. Howard, he hears in return that the child is dead, and Mr. Howard removed no one knows where. Fitzormond, broken-hearted at the loss of a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and an infant whose welfare endeared him to existence, continues many years in India; where he suffers captivity, and a number of hardships, incident to a military life. At length he returns, and is made happy in meeting his daughter, whom he rescues from the tyranny of a Mr. Melford, a nephew of Mr. Howard. Mr. Melford, taking advantage of the ill-health of Louisa, who is thrown into a fever by the affliction which she suffers on the death of Mr. Howard, secretes a will which Mr. H. had made in Louisa's favor; and, on her refusing to marry his natural son, who passes as his nephew, shuts her up in a mad-house. Louisa finds an opportunity of informing a friend of her melancholy situation, which coming to the knowledge of her enemy, the slighted Mr. Melford, he has her conveyed from this wretched abode to a place of greater security. By the overturn of the carriage, Louisa, and the person who is appointed to see her conveyed, are thrown out, the attendant is killed, and Louisa is taken under the protection of a gentleman who proves to be her father, whose carriage had occasioned the accident. The elder Melford dies, and confesses his injustice to Louisa to his wife, who restores the will of Mr. Howard to Louisa. The history of this Mrs. and Mr. Melford is extremely well told, and what may be called the underplot is skilfully managed. We had intended to have inserted the episode of Miss Conway as a specimen of our fair authoress's talents, but as the whole would occupy too much space, we can give only the concluding part, where the melancholy and lovely victim of seduction is released by death from her sufferings. Miss Conway having imparted her melancholy tale to Louisa Fitzormond, who soothes her mind in her dying moments, tells her that Lord Belmour was the author of her ruin; and shortly after expires in giving birth to a little girl.

Lord Belmour had been lately married to one of the daughters of Sir Walter Stanley; and had been an inmate in the same house with Louisa at his father-in-law's at Bath. His attentions to Louisa were so marked as to excite the jealousy of Lady Belmour.

Louisa, being unwell, is left at Bath whilst the rest of the family pay a visit a few miles distant.

When she received the intelligence of Miss Conway's death,

'she wrapped herself in a pelisse and close bonnet, and set out for Mrs. Mason's accompanied by a female servant. She had proceeded but a few steps, when her attention was arrested by the loud voice of a person pr nouncing her name: she hastily turned, and to her surprize recognized in the speaker, Lord Belmour, who gaily advancing, began to congratulate her on her recovery.

'I was so very anxious to know how you were,' continued his lordship, 'that I could not resist the temptation I felt to steal a march upon them all, and ride over this morning to make personal enquiries respecting your health.'

He was proceeding to rally Louisa on her being abroad almost disguised, when she interrupted him with a serious and dignified countenance:

'Circumstances, in which you, my lord, are deeply concerned, have called me abroad; and, but that providence seems to have directed you here at a time when I stand in need of advice and assistance I should, instead of thanking you for your apparent polite attention, regret that you should have given yourself so much trouble: but if your lordship will accompany me, the motive for my being out will be explained.'

'Lord Belmour, much surprized by the solemnity of her manner, and the perturbation of her looks, walked silently by her side till they arrived at Mrs. Mason's house.

'Leaving Lord Belmour, whom Louisa requested to wait a few minutes, she ascended to the chamber of the deceased with Mrs. Mason, where lay the mortal remains of the beautiful Miss Conway. Serene and lovely in death, no trace of sorrow was on that countenance, so lately marked with its deepest lines; she appeared to have indeed, by the sweet placidity of her features,

"Wept her stains away."

'As Lousia bent over the cold inanimate corse, and bedewed its pale face with her tears, she could not help reflecting on the goodness and mercy of God, who had thought proper to call her away from a life so truly wretched as her's must have been: endowed by him with so much sensibility, the remembrance of her past errors would have embittered her future life; but she now humbly trusted her penitence had been accepted, and that her sufferings in this life had atoned for her faults.

'She also hoped it would serve as a useful lesson to Lord Belmour; for that reason she had brought him with her: the sight of so lovely a woman falling in early youth a victim to his licentiousness, could not fail, she thought, of impressing his mind with contrition and hor-

ror against so dangerous a pursuit as that of seduction. It would also, she hoped, operate in favor of the infant, who was brought into the world unconnected with any living soul that any one knew of, except herself.

'As soon, therefore, as she could compose her agitated spirits, she requested Lord Belmour would attend her in the chamber of death.

'Lord Belmour, wondering what all this solemnity and symptoms of grief meant, and secretly wishing himself out of the house, followed the faltering steps of his conductress, who, approaching the bed, with a trembling hand removed the covering from the face of the dead, and pointing to it, in a voice tremulous from various emotions, cried, "Lord Belmour, there lies your victim!"

'Aghast with terror, his Lordship, (after gazing in breathless suspense for a few moments, as if to ascertain the identity of the object presented to his view,) struck his forehead with his clenched hands, and staggering fell extended on the bed, pale, and apparently as lifeless as the being he lamented.

'Louisa, terrified at the effect the sudden shock had on him, repented not having prepared him for the sight he was to encounter; she applied herself to restore him and happily succeeded; but his grief became then violent and bitter; he reproached himself with having murdered the only woman who had ever loved him, and franticly declared he could never survive the remembrance of his cruelty.

'"That heavenly look!" (exclaimed he, as he gazed on the pale victim of his duplicity), "will haunt me for ever, and plunge my soul into eternal perdition! Wretch that I am, to have forsaken so much sweetness, so much innocence, and confiding goodness! Hate, abhor, Miss Fitzormond, a man so unworthy of your care, who meant to have destroyed you, as he has done this dear unfortunate girl. I am indeed a villain, unfit to live."

'Grief and terror totally incapacitated Louisa from offering to afford him any consolation: she could only weep. The sight of her tears flowing for him, and the lovely creature he had destroyed, quite subdued him; he wept in agony, and falling at her feet, besought her to forgive him the evil he had intended to attempt against herself.

'As soon as her tears had ceased to flow, Louisa assured him of forgiveness as to any intended injury to herself; and as his grief appeared truly sincere, she said, if it would afford him any consolation, she would not withhold it on account of his conduct to Miss Conway.

'"Your lordship," continued she, "has many and great duties to fulfil; in the just discharge of them, your sincere repentance will be evinced. You have yet to learn that you are a father, and that the immediate cause of the loss you so deeply deplore, was occasioned by the birth of your infant. This, my Lord, is a sacred

duty, which, if you discharge faithfully, may be some expiation for the ruin you brought on its mother.'

'Affected beyond expression, Lord Belmour could only intreat Louisa to see that every attention was paid to the infant; and once more casting an agonized look on the pale face, lovely even in death, that lay before him, he rushed out of the house, reached his stables, mounted his horse, and quitted Bath immediately. But his utmost speed could not divest his mind from the shock he had received: mechanically he turned the head of the animal the road he had come a few hours before, and not till he arrived at the house of his friend, did he reflect that he was in a very unfit state to appear before his lady and her family.

'Endeavouring therefore to assume as much composure as possible, he entered, and was immediately assailed with enquiries relative to his morning's expedition, which had been conducted with great secrecy.

'Lady Belmour was very indignant that he should have left her the whole day without having informed her of his intended absence, and expressed her disapprobation in terms ill suited to sooth his irritated mind. He therefore replied haughtily, that he would not be accountable to any one for his actions, as he was perfectly capable of regulating them. But thinking some apology necessary to Mr. Wilmot, the gentleman at whose house he was staying, he said, addressing himself to him, that some business had unexpectedly called him away, and detained him much longer than he had intended, which, he trusted would plead his excuse for having kept them waiting dinner for him, it being then two hours later than their usual time.

'Mr. Wilmot very readily admitted his apology, and nothing more was said on the subject till after dinner, when Lady Stanley observed his Lordship had ate nothing, and she feared he had fatigued himself too much with riding, as he appeared very unwell.

'Lord Belmour replied that might be the case, but it would go off, and making an exertion to overcome the shock his feelings had sustained, he, with the assistance of his friend's exhilarating champaign, so far succeeded as to prevent any further remarks being made.

'Louisa, on being left by his lordship, gave such directions as she thought proper for the interment of Miss Conway, and also for the care of her infant; Mrs. Mason having agreed to procure a nurse for it; and with a promise of coming the next day to see it, and a charge to keep the affair as quiet as possible, she took her leave; deeply impressed with the melancholy fate of so young and lovely a woman, and also with the forlorn and destitute situation of the infant, though the contrition of Lord Belmour was, she hoped, a propitious symptom in its favour.

'The next day brought the whole family to Bath, and Lord Belmour took an early opportunity of entreating Louisa not to mention

her having seen him the day before, or any of the events relating to Miss Conway and himself.

'Louisa willingly promised not to mention it to any part of the family. This she did, as much from a fear of giving pain to them, from a knowledge of his Lordship having acted so unworthily, as to oblige him, and conceal the disgrace of the departed Miss Conway, who had always appeared solicitous that theknowledge of her fault should be confined to the bosom of her to whom she herself had imparted it.

'With the assistance of Lady Stanley's maid, who was acquainted with many of the circumstances relative to the deceased, Louisa was enabled to arrange every thing for the proper accommodation of the child.

'Lord Belmour had himself seen that every respect was paid to the remains of its mother, and had discharged the necessary expense attending her interment: he also liberally rewarded Mrs. Mason for the trouble she had had, and for the kindness she had shown to her friendless inmate, when she could not have been stimulated by the hopes of reward.'

Mrs. Costello has dispersed some small pieces of poetry through her three volumes. We extract one of these:

'When with my heart's first friend I lov'd to stray,
His look, his voice, which now is heard no more,
Remembrance treasur'd, as her proudest store,
And said, bless'd hours, when ye are roll'd away,
"These images of bliss my heart shall keep;"
And then with mingling joy I turn'd to weep,
And thought the mem'ry of each happy hour
In after days might as delightful prove,
As when, in pure affection's humble bower
Young friendship seemed to ripen into love:
Ah! days for ever gone! how I but woo
The shade of those endearments, and recal
The hill, the mead, the tree, the water-fall,
Where once we stray'd. Back on the lovely view
Alas! I turn my lingering eyes in vain,
Whose sad remembrance but augments my pain.
Yet not unpleasing is the pensive hour,
When, far remov'd from fashion's idle train,
I feel her poor allurements, ah! how vain!
And find that virtue only has the pow'r,
In sunshine, or beneath cold fortune's shower,
The self-approving conscience to sustain.'

ART. IX.—*Middleton on the Greek Article. Concluded from p. 371 of our last number.*

WE shall offer some strictures on Dr. Middleton's theory still farther illustrative of the article. First, the article is generically or specifically applicable in the N.T. more frequently than in other Greek writers. The reason seems to be, that the sacred penmen were familiar with the Hebrew article ה *ho*, the parent of the Greek, which often represents the noun affected by it in a generic sense. Yet our author says, p. 158.

'The Hebrew ה, though it corresponds in some of its uses with ὁ of the Greeks, is yet on the whole so dissimilar, that he who should translate a portion of the Hebrew scriptures into Greek, inserting the Greek article where he found the Hebrew one, and no where else, would write a language almost as unlike Greek as is the Hebrew.'

Our readers will not put much reliance on this assertion of Dr. M.: for as he appears not to know the real meaning of the Greek, how can he be expected to know that of the Hebrew article? The very reverse of the declaration we, however, conceive to be nearer the truth, the article in both languages being not only like, but the same word in different characters.

II. Dr. Middleton erroneously limits the use of the article when denoting a whole class of things to the plural number.

'It is employed *plurally*,' says he, 'to denote whole *classes* and *descriptions* of persons or things.' P. 58.

But why should the article, when used in this *general* or *indefinite* sense be confined to the plural, when it confessedly bears the same general or indefinite sense in the singular? The plural, it is granted, is more than *one*, but *number*, however great, does not constitute *a whole class* or *description*; there is, therefore, no good reason why the plural should have this peculiar signification. On the contrary, as a whole class or kind, though an aggregate of many, gives the idea of *unity*, the article in this sense seems in justice to require its qualified noun in the singular number. And the Greek writers have not been inattentive to this propriety; for when the article is generically applied it is often, if not generally, used in connection with a singular noun. But let us hear what the doctor says on the subject.

'The following use of the article differs from the preceding ones, in which the article and predicate together recal some familiar idea, being here subservient to the purpose of *hypothesis*. In both cases the predicate explains the obscure relation of the article, but in the latter the article even with the aid of its predicate, does not convey back the mind to any object, with which it has been recently, or is frequently conversant. It is merely the representative of some things, of which, whether known or unknown an assumption is to be made.' P. 57.

In illustration of this reasoning our author subjoins the following example from Demosthenes, *πονηρον ὁ συκοφαντης ἀει, the calumniator is ever base:* and he adds in the next page, 'we clearly perceive that ὁ *συκοφαντης* must mean every person of whom *συκοφαντης* can be predicated;' that is, in plain language, it must mean ovory one that might be called a sycophant. If so, it must mean what Dr. M. is unwilling to allow, or unwilling to see, the whole class or description of persons called *calumniators*. Had he on this occasion expressed his thoughts in plain simple terms, he probably would have detected the fallacy of his whole theory; and thence been led to suppress, if not to forego, the perverse and laboured nonsense with which he has filled the greater part of a large octavo volume.

III. We have already seen that what is commonly supposed to be the defined noun is introduced according to our author's doctrine under the new name of predicate.

'The article,' says he, p. 36. 'is not in its nature a definitive; for then what is usually called its indefinite sense could not have existence; it answers the purpose of a definitive merely, *κατα συμβεβηκος*: in strict truth its adjunct has a better claim to the title, being, as we have seen, added to the pronoun to ascertain its relation.'

The reasoning here employed is refuted by the generic use of the article. Our author, if he had understood his subject, would have denied that the article is ever used in an *indefinite* sense, though universally supposed to have in some cases a vague acceptation. The common notion, however, of the indefiniteness of the article is easily reconciled with its general application. It is definite when it marks an individual it is indefinite when it marks a whole class or genus. But then this class or kind is itself an individual, in respect to other classes or kinds; and the article, as serving to hold forth to the reader either an individual or a multitude of indi-

viduals combined in one aggregate, preserves in all cases the uniform character of a *definitive*.

IV. Though our English article *the* is often used in a generic sense, it cannot in all cases be made a representative of the Greek without violating its meaning, as its object in many instances is to render the subjoined noun *prominent* or *emphatic*, in opposition to some other noun expressed in the sentence or obviously implied. Thus Luke xviii. 13. 'God be merciful to me *a sinner*' μοι τῳ αμαρτωλῳ, *to me one that is a sinner*; the article serving to hold forth the character of sinner which the publican sustained, in opposition to *just* which the pharisee before mentioned professed to be. Wetstein remarks that the article in this place augments the meaning of αμαρτωλος, and supposes the publican to confess himself an exceedingly great sinner. The remark, as Dr. M. observes, is unfounded. The article renders the sense emphatic only by placing αμαρτωλος in contrast with ὁ δικαιος, the character which the pharisee pretended to sustain. Thus again, John i. Epist. ii. 10, ὁ μισων τον αδελφον αὐτου is a phrase which means not any one brother, but *one that is* a brother, one who sustains the endearing character of a brother. Thucyd. v. 72. τῃ εμπειριᾳ Λακεδαιμονιοι ελασσωθεντες τοτε, τῃ ανδρειᾳ εδειξαν ουχ ἧσσον περιγενομενοι, *the Lacedæmonians at that time shewed themselves inferior (to their enemies) in skill, but superior (to them) in valour.* The original is *in that which is skill*, and *in that which is valour*, the article serving to mark, and render prominent, the quality in which they excelled, and that in which they were inferior to, their enemies. This passage is quoted by our author, p. 131, where he has subjoined a note.

'In this passage it may be supposed that both εμπειριᾳ and ανδρειᾳ should, according to what has been advanced above, be anarthrous. Bauer, however, in his excellent edition of Thucydides Lips. 1790, has shewn that τῃ εμπειριᾳ must be rendered per *artem* HOSTIUM, and by τῃ ανδρειᾳ we must plainly understand by the bravery of the Spartans.'

It is the misfortune of Dr. Middleton to be not only himself throughout erroneous, but to vouch for the errors of others. If this be a fair specimen of *Bauer's* skill as an editor (and we willingly believe otherwise) his edition may, without any loss to literature, be consigned to oblivion.

V. The article, says Dr. M. has the sense of the *possessive*

pronoun. But this assertion is far from being correct. It has not the precise sense of the possessive pronoun, but is rendered by it in our tongue, though not as an equivalent, yet as the best mode of rendering it which the language admits. Thus, αλγεω την κεφαλην, *I have pain in the* HEAD, or *I have pain in that part*, namely, *the head.* Προσχες τον νουν, *apply* THE *mind.* Ουχι τω πατρι και τη μητρι μονον γεγενεσθαι, αλλα τη πατριδι. *to be born not only for* THE *father, and* THE *mother, but for* THE *country.* Now, as the genius of our language does not admit the article in these, and other similar instances which are very numerous, it adopts in its room the possessive pronoun; the subject of the discourse, or the termination of the verb being sufficient to point what pronoun is required. On this principle, the above examples, conformably to the English idiom, would be thus expressed; 'I have pain in *my* head; apply *your* mind; to be born not only for *his* father and mother, but for *his* country.' In page 207, he supposes the article to mean the same thing with πας *every, all.* Though this supposition were true, it is still founded on false premises. When the article defines a class, or genus, it defines a word that expresses *all*, or *every* individual of that class. But does it follow that the article is equivalent to either of these, because they may be implied in the noun defined by it?

VI. The following is an instance of our author's aptitude to conceal confusion or absurdity of ideas under pompous technical terms:

'Very nearly allied to the last mentioned is that of the article prefixed to *monadic* nouns, i. e. nouns indicating persons or things, which exist singly, or of which, if there be several, only one, from the nature of the case, can be the subject of discourse.'

Let us apply this remark to the example αλγεω την κεφαλην, and ask why is the article inserted before κεφαλην? The answer is, it is a *monadic* noun, a man having only one head! On Mat. v. 13,

'Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel, but in a candlestick, υπο τον μοδιον αλλα την λυχνιαν,'

the Doctor has the following note:

'Campbell vindicates the article in this place by considering the bushel and the candlestick to be what I have denominated *monadic* nouns; only one of each would probably be found in a house.'

If λυχνον happened to have the article before it, our author would then probably have accounted for it by saying that only *one candle* could be found in a house! This expression we doubt not is proverbial, and hence derives its true explanation. The word μοδιος seems to have been taken from מוד *mod* which in Hebrew and Arabic signifies to *spread* or to *cover*: and as many of the eastern proverbs owe their formation to a mere coincidence of sound between words different in sense, it seems not improbable that it is founded on an allusion which μοδιος bears to the original sense of *covering*. The clause, literally rendered, would then be, 'Neither do men light a candle and put it under *the cover*, or *that which covers it*, but in the *candle-holder*,' or *that which* holds the candle to view.

VII. The noun defined by the article is understood when the context or the general turn of conversation rendered it obvious what noun is intended. Thus τα may mean τα πραγματα, ὁ Φιλιππου ὁ υιος Φιλιππου, το Αριςαρχοι, το ονομα Αριςαρχοι, ἡ σημερον, ἡ ἡμερα σημερον. On the same principle it is that the article is often prefixed to *proper names*, referring to the common name implied; and this use of it takes place when a writer is desirous to fix the attention of his reader on the subject of his discourse, as is the case in the beginning of a discourse or a sentence, or when he wishes to hold forth the subject to notice not as an individual, but as a person distinguished by some known qualities. Hence the justice of the following remark of *Professor Porson*, whom Dr. M. praises, but by whose sagacity he did not know how to profit, 'Raro nisi propter emphasin quandam, aut initio sententiæ, ubi particula inseritur.' This the professor asserts in opposition to Valcknaer who has said that in the tragic poets the article is never inserted before proper names. An example or two, will illustrate the principle here stated, and of which Mr. Porson, if we may judge from his silence, was not aware. In ὁ Σολων we have the name of an individual with whom experience had associated the character of an eminent lawgiver; and the use of the article is to fix the attention on this associated character, and thus render it prominent to the mind, the expression is then recognized as equal to ὁ νομοθετης Σολων, *the lawgiver Solon*; for the same reason τον Ὁμηρον must mean *the poet Homer*, association or custom in every instance serving to point out the generic term corresponding to the expressed proper name. To feel the justness of this explanation we have only to recollect that the primary meaning of the article

answers to our *lo* or *behold*, and that it derives its defining power from its use in submitting things to the eye, and from the consequence of the eye's distinguishing the thing thus beholden from all other things. Conformably to its original application, it renders prominent the subject of discourse not as an individual, but in his associated relation to society, that is, in his generic or specific character. When the writer wishes to be more emphatic or perspicuous he inserts the generic term; but then it is the more usual to subjoin it with the article to the proper name, as Σολων ὁ νομοθετης, Ιωαννης ὁ Βαπτιστης. The same may be said of adjectives, as Αλεξανδρος ὁ μεγας.

In poetry, the metre sometimes imposed on the author the necessity of inserting the article before the proper name, when in reality it qualifies the noun or adjective succeeding it; thus, Hector hoping to drive the Greeks to their ships, says, τισομαι, αι κε μ' ὁ Τυδειδης κρατερος Διομηδης παρα νηων προς τειχος απωσεται. Here the article though prefixed to Τυδειδης is yet intended to mark κρατερος and to make it prominent; and the meaning of Hector is, 'I shall see if Tycides *brave as he is*, (or *with all his bravery*,) will be able to repel me from the ships to the walls.' See Il. viii. 532. The same poet in Il. i. 11. accounting for the anger of Apollo, says, ουνεκα τον Χρυσην ητιμησ' αρητηρα Ατρειδης; had Homer written in prose he would have inserted the article before αρητηρα, as his object is by describing the office of Chryses to inform the reader who he was, and to hold him forth, on one hand, under a character which Agamemnon ought not to have dishonoured, and to show on the other the justice or reasonableness of Apollo's anger. His meaning then is, 'because Atrides dishonoured Chryses *the priest*,' or *him that was priest*, or according to our idiom *his priest*, namely, the priest of Apollo.

In chap. iv. part i. Dr. M. has endeavoured to explain the reason why the article is prefixed to proper names, and here he has exceeded in absurdity and confusion of ideas every other part of this absurd and confused volume.

'On what occasions,' says he, p. 95, 'the Greeks prefixed the article to proper names is among the most curious enquiries connected with Greek literature;' and in p. 104, he adds, 'All the perplexity in which the question has been enveloped has arisen from not considering that the article is a genuine pronoun; and that the pronouns of the third person, being applicable to a multitude of individuals, frequently require the speaker, if he would avoid ambiguity to add the name of the individual meant. We first *obscurely*

intimate the person whom we *have in mind* and dēclare his name afterwards in order to prevent mistake.'

Let us see how from this theory he explains the above passage in the beginning of the Iliad. After quoting it, he adds:

'*Heyne*, after observing that the article, especially as prefixed to proper names, was confessedly unknown to Homer, and after giving some conjectural emendations of preceding critics, concludes, 'Nihil expediri post:' whilst Wolf declares, 'Nihil dubito quin τον Χρυσην poeta dixerit, ut personam fama celebrem et auditoribus jam tum, quum primum ejus nomen audirent, notissimam.' It is certainly a difficulty that Chryses is now for the first time mentioned: but whether this difficulty be so great, that we must introduce δη or τοι into the place of τον without any authority from Edt. or MSS. deserves, not merely for the sake of this passage, to be carefully considered. Between prefixing the article to the name of a person there first mentioned, and making it the temporary representative of one, who though already mentioned has not been spoken of for some time past, the difference appears not to be great, and yet of the latter usage unquestionable instances abound. In Il. N. 765, 6. we have Τον δε ταχ' ενεγε μαχης επ αριστερα δακνομενοισης διον Αλεξανδρον, where till Αλεξανδρον is pronounced, the hearer can form no tolerable conjecture who is the person meant. That τον has reference to Χρυσην might as easily be inferred in the one case, as that it related to Αλεξανδρον in the other: in neither, however, would such an inference be drawn. It is plain, therefore, that we are to consider what passes in the mind of the *speaker*: and the hearer is to be satisfied, if, when the sentence is completed, he can then account for the introduction of the article, however obscure till then, its reference might be. Now we have seen that in the eagerness to attribute an act, it is not unusual to employ a *symbol* of the person intended, and to defer the actual mention of his name; but if the person, though not hitherto mentioned, be already well known, and therefore of easy recognition, it seems scarcely less allowable that the speaker should first *allude*, even though the *allusion* may require to be explained immediately afterwards; it is as if the speaker should say, you know whom I mean, not indeed that we do or can know so much with certainty, till the name has been declared, but that we shall then perceive the reason of the anticipation. In the case before us the speaker felt that Chryses was known by all, who had heard of the pestilence just described, to have been the author of it, and though it be necessary to mention his name, yet the circumstance of his notoriety might at the same time be noticed.' pp. 101, 2.

According to this reasoning τον in the instance before us, being a pronoun stands for Χρυσην succeeding it, and has a

reference to that name; and the reader might easily infer that reference, but he is not to draw such an inference; because he is to consider what passes in the mind of Homer till Χρυσην is inserted; and however obscure may be the reference between τον and Χρυσην, he ought to be satisfied if he can account for the introduction of the article. Homer was eager to attribute an act, and therefore uses τον as a symbol of Χρυσην, deferring the actual mention of Χρυσην. But as Χρυσην, though a person not hitherto mentioned was well known, and therefore easily recognized, Homer was allowed to allude to him, though he was afterwards under the necessity of explaining his *allusion* saying, 'you know whom I mean;' but fearing lest we did not fully know whom he meant, the poet declares his name, and the reader then perceives the reason of the anticipation!!!

This verbose reasoning, if it deserve the name, is as impertinent as it is vain and unmeaning: for our author has shifted the question. He proposed to enquire why the article is prefixed to proper names; and his answer tends to shew why proper names are necessary after the article. But this is an *evasion*, not a *solution* of the difficulty. For it may be asked was not a proper name sufficient for the writer clearly to express his meaning? If so, why not be content with that, and that alone? On this supposition, therefore, the article is *unnecessary*, or at best but an *idle, circuitous* way of expressing what after all he is obliged *directly* to express. The mistakes of Heyne and Wolf on the subject of the article really excite our surprise; at the same time their reputation for talents and learning claims our respectful indulgence. But with respect to Dr. M. especially, on this part of his work, we have really no other feelings than those of pity and contempt.

VIII. For the same reason that proper names are too definite of themselves to need the article, abstract and general terms, and the names of qualities, which are most clearly expressed by opposition or contrast, stand in most need of the article to limit their signification. These terms indeed comprehend the proper province of the article though with respect to abstract terms our conclusion stands opposed to the opinion of our author, who says, 'that abstract nouns for the most part refuse the article.' Abstract nouns, however, are the chief materials of *science*, and hence in *scientific* discourses, such as in those of Plato and Aristotle the article abounds; whereas in poetry where the writer addresses

chiefly the imagination and consequently has little need of logical precision, it less frequently occurs.

IX. In a proposition it is in general sufficient to prefix the article to the subject; the predicate being adequately defined by the connecting verb expressed or implied; as καλος εστι ὁ νομος. When, however, it is the intention of the writer to render the predicate emphatic or prominent, or to mark them as two distinct things, though coalescing in the instance in question, he does not fail to prefix it to the predicate also. Εγω ειμι ὁ ποιμην. Here the speaker fixes the attention strongly on ποιμην, as being his real character, in opposition to an *impostor*, or *hireling*. He therefore puts the article before it, though the predicate of his proposition. The same remark applies to the following, and other such instances, ὁ δ' αγρος εστι ὁ κοσμος; ἡ αμαρτια εστι ἡ ανομια. Dr. M. indeed says that the article is here inserted, because the proposition is *convertible*; but this assertion is one of those instances in which he attempts to conceal a want of just discrimination under sounding or technical language.

X. With respect to the position of the article the rule is that it precedes the word it defines; and as things are distinguished by their qualities it is generally prefixed to the adjective; and the adjective itself thus defined, succeeds the qualified noun, where the writer intends emphasis or opposition. Thus εγω ειμι ὁ ποιμην ὁ καλος, the first article holds forth the speaker as *a shepherd*, in opposition to one that was not so, or one that was so in name, the second exhibits him as honourable, faithful, and disinterested, in opposition to one that is base, selfish and treacherous. John viii. Εαν ὑμεις μεινητε εν τω λογω τω εμω αληθως μαθηται μου εστε. The article before λογῳ holds forth *doctrine* as what you ought to continue in, and before εμῳ *my doctrine*, in opposition to the false doctrine of those who shall teach in my name.

'If you continue *in that doctrine which is mine*, you will be in reality, as well as in profession, my disciples.'

Dr. M. cites the following judgment of *Hermann* on the position of the article.

'A most acute critic makes ὁ αγαθ πολιτης to be the suitable expression, when *goodness* is the idea, with which chiefly the mind is occupied; while ὁ πολιτης ὁ αγαθος implies that the principal stress lies on *citizen*.'

This remark shews that this *acute critic's* ideas respecting

the article were not more correct than those of his German brethren; for we scruple not to say that the reverse of this assertion is true. In ὁ αγαθος πολιτης, as in ὁ πολιτης, the attention is principally fixed upon one that is a *citizen*, in opposition to a foreigner or a slave; whereas ὁ πολιτης ὁ αγαθος implies not only a citizen, but a *good* citizen, in opposition to a *bad* one. In the same manner το ἁγιον πνευμα means *the holy spirit*; while το πνευμα το ἁγιον, in Mat. xii. 32. means *the spirit that is holy*, or *the holy spirit*, in opposition to *Beelzebub*, the impure spirit, to which the enemies of Jesus ascribed his miracles.

XI. When two nouns succeed each other the article prefixed to the first is to be supplied in the second, on the same principle that an adjective qualifying one term is understood to qualify any other that may come after it in the same case. Thus in 2 Cor. i. 2. ὁ θεος και πατηρ, stands for ὁ θεος και ὁ πατηρ; and in fact the apostle himself has thus supplied it in the ensuing clause, having at the same time omitted it before θεος. Nevertheless when a writer wishes to be emphatic he repeats it before the second term; as ὁ νομος δια Μωσεως εδοθη ἡ χαρις και ἡ αληθεια δια Ιησου Χριστου εγενετο, John i. 17. Here ἡ χαρις and ἡ αληθεια are two distinct names of the same thing, namely the *gospel*, each having the article before it, to mark its character in opposition to the types and ceremonies of the Mosaic law.

The cases in which it is reasonable to expect the article to be omitted are those where the second term is but a different description of the same person or thing with the first; and on the other hand to be inserted in those where both express different persons or things. And this in general will be found to be the fact. Thus ὁ θεος και πατηρ are but different descriptions of the same being; whereas the apostle, if he intended by these two distinct beings, would have written ὁ θεος και ὁ πατηρ. We have said that this in general will be found to be the fact; for it is not always so. The following example is an exception, Prov. xxiv. 21. φοβου τον θεον, υἱε, και βασιλεα; and another occurs in Mat. v. 20.

Mr. *Granville Sharp*, a very good man but a very bad critic, without attending to the principles here laid down, has concluded that the absence of the article before the second noun intimates it to be descriptive of the same person with the first. Thus in 2 Thess. i. 12. κατα την χαριν του θεου ἡμων και κυριου Ιησου Χριστου: because the article is not repeated before κυριου, he infers that God and Lord are the same person, and

he thus renders the passage. 'According to the grace of our God and Lord Jesus Christ.' On the other hand, where the article is repeated the same critic supposes the repetition to indicate that the names are descriptive of two distinct things. For instance:

'And he that was dead came forth bound (δεδεμενος τους ποδας και τας χειρας) in feet and in hands with grave-clothes; and his face was bound about with a napkin.'

According to Mr. Sharp the evangelist being not quite sure that his readers would know the hands of Lazarus to be different things from his feet, repeated the article to give them a full assurance on the subject.

But to us it appears that the evangelist inserts the article before ποδας and χειρας in order to render the *condition* in which Lazarus came forth more definite and prominent. See Jones's 'Illustrations of the Gospels,' p. 457.

Here we see that Mr. Sharp has discovered a powerful argument for the *divinity of Christ*, in the Greek article, or more properly in the absence of the Greek article, and this discovery it is the object of Dr. M. to support, and which we suspect gave birth to the voluminous performance before us. The temper of his mind on the subject may be seen in the manner in which he speaks of Mr. Sharp's anonymous, but powerful opponent.

'An unknown writer,' says he, 'who in a pamphlet, entitled, *Six more letters*, has attacked Messrs. Sharp and Wordsworth on their respective publications, and whose petulance is scarcely surpassed by his profound ignorance of the subject, gravely challenges his readers to assign a reason why the article was here omitted before γυναικος. That the reason will be satisfactory to him is more than I dare hope: it is, that the writer, or rather translator of Matthew's gospel, understood Greek somewhat better than does the author of the *Six more letters*. I shall take occasion to adduce other proofs of the unknown writer's extraordinary erudition; the tone of confidence, and even of triumph with which his remarks are delivered, gives him a claim to some consideration.' P. 208.

Though this unknown author is assuredly not acquainted with the full force of the article, yet he has throughout his publication shewn great humour, learning, and talents; and Dr. M. must have had a high sense of his own importance and superiority to justify the above inceremonious treatment of so distinguished a writer.

XII. As our ideas of a person or thing are often rendered

sufficiently definite by connecting them with *time* or *place*, the article being a definitive is sometimes employed to mark such a connection. Mat. xv. 1. Τοτε προσερχονται τω Ιησου οι απο Ιεροσολυμων γραμματεις και Φαρισαιοι. Here the article is used not to mark the persons who came to Jesus as Scribes and Pharisees, but as Scribes and Pharisees belonging to Jerusalem, where they resided, and whence they came to our Lord; and the passage should be rendered, 'then came to Jesus Scribes and Pharisees who are of Jerusalem.' The evangelist, representing them as men from the seat of government, meant to represent them as men of influence and dignity in the church and state. And this idea is necessary to account in the sequel for the timidity of the disciples, the severity of the animadversions which our Saviour made on his opponents, and the caution he delivered to the people against their doctrine, John i. 45. Ευρηκαμεν Ιησουν τον υιον του Ιωσηφ τον απο Ναζαρετ, 'we have found Jesus the son of Joseph, *him* from Nazareth, or *that man* from Nazareth. It is evident that the evangelist has employed the article here in the very sense in which it is so often used by *Homer*, and which we may express by the *personal pronoun*. It is also manifest that the expression is elliptical, for τον οντα απο Ναζαρετ, *that man who is from Nazareth.*

We are sorry to observe the religious rancour which our author betrays in the course of the second part; and if any thing can enhance our sorrow it is the consideration that his animosity is openly and indecently directed against a man who is no longer among the living to defend himself, and who has a large claim on the gratitude and veneration of the public. Speaking of Mr. Wakefield he thus writes in p. 603.

'It is painful to behold a man, whose general character and conduct betrayed no want of pride, thus condescending to subterfuge after subterfuge, and ready to submit to any expedient however humiliating, if it promised but for a moment to aid the cause which he had at heart. Αληθειαν και παρρησιαν was the motto which Mr. Wakefield caused to be inscribed to his portrait: in the exercise of the latter of these he yielded to no controul; it were much to be wished that his adherence to the former had been equally unshaken. Candour indeed requires us to impute to ignorance that which cannot be proved to originate in malice. There is, however, in the ignorance of this writer, if so we must regard it, the consistency which usually marks design; his ignorance uniformly operates to a given end; and if this be the ground on which his advocates shall choose to defend his integrity, they must concede that his learning

was prodigiously over-rated, and must assign him a place among scholars of far more modest pretensions.'

In reading these unprovoked and unjustifiable reflections we felt an involuntary glow of indignation; but our feelings are appeased by the consideration that the author of them is also the author of the volume before us. The fate of the work, though it may insure temporary honours will, we venture to predict, be such as abundantly to avenge so gross an indignity offered to the shade of a great and good man; for however resentful we might be in behalf of injured and departed worth, the conviction that it will be either consigned to oblivion, or preserved only as a monument of perverted taste, senseless learning, and fruitless industry, is sufficient to disarm our resentment and convert it into regret and compassion for its object.

ART X.—*Travels through the South of France, and the Interior of the Provinces of Provence and Languedoc, in the Years* 1807 *and* 1808, *by a Route never before performed, being along the Banks of the Loire, the Isere, and the Garonne, through the greater Part of their Course. Made by permission of the French Government. By Lieutenant Colonel Pinkney of the North American Native Rangers.* 4*to. pp.* 282. Purday. 1809.

If we should gravely inform our readers that some years since, an Irishman proposed making 'a Tour through the West of England, and the interior of the countries of Devon and Cornwall by a route never before performed, being along the banks of the Thames, the Severn, and the Trent, through the greater part of their course,' we should justly be censured for inventing a bull infinitely too extravagant to have been ever committed. It was impossible to suppose that an actual blunder equally gross with this imaginary one, could be incurred by a correct and calculating American; and therefore on opening the present volume, however astonished at the fact, we were nevertheless inclined to believe that the change produced by the late tremendous revolution in France had extended to the works of nature as well as those of human art and policy, that it had altered the course of rivers, and perhaps even shifted the points of the com-

pass. Anxious to arrive at the truth of these amazing phenomena, we entered on our task of perusal with more avidity than a book of travels usually inspires; but we had not gone far before we began to suspect either mistake or fraud in the title-page; and, indeed, so far from being 'a route never before performed,' the direct post-road to the Land's End through Salisbury and Exeter is hardly better known than the track pursued by Col. Pinkney, viz. from Calais, through Boulogne, Abbeville, and Amiens, to Paris,—from Paris to Nantes; from Nantes, along the banks of the Loire to La Charité, thence to Lyons, from Lyons down the Rhone to Avignon, and so to Aix and Marseilles, where he quietly embarks for America. It is evident, therefore, that of all the wonders announced in his title-page, this ingenious traveller can only have dreamed; (unless indeed, we except the banks of the Loire, which the road from Nantes to Lyons must have given him some opportunities of beholding)—that as for the Isere, though he crossed it in his progress, he can know no more of its course than of that of the Niger or Burrampooter,—and, with regard to the Garonne, that he must have been remarkably quick-sighted to have discovered it at all, from a distance comprehending five good degrees of latitude,—that of Languedoc he has seen just as much as a man walking on the Surry-side of the river, from Westminster bridge to Putney, can see of Middlesex; and is as well qualified to write the description of Provence from the little he has viewed of that country he would be to draw the picture of Yorkshire after travelling in the stage from Sheffield to Doncaster. Thus instead of being a Bruce, a Park, or an Alexander Selkirk, Mr. Pinkney must consent to mingle among the common mass of travellers who, in their progress through France, may have deviated a little from the line of 'the grand tour;' and though no man ever has, or ever will have, performed the impossible route mentioned in the title-page, we advise him to be very cautious how he again boasts of originality in touring, unless to his 'never before performed' he adds, 'by an American,' in which case we probably may not have the means of contradicting his assertion.

Notwithstanding, however, this egregious deception, or more egregious error, which it may be more candid to ascribe to his publisher than to the traveller himself, enough remains in the sound of a 'Tour through France' (even by the most accustomed roads,) performed so lately, to justify a great degree of curiosity as to the contents of the volume. Perhaps, as readers, we should have been better pleased, had the colonel completed his journey in the same manner

as he began it, alone, and on the back of his little Norman horse, than we are to find him so agreeably seated in Mr. Younge's barouche, listening to the chit-chat, or playing with the fan of the lively Mademoiselle St. Sillery, during all the most interesting part of his wanderings. But we are not of so selfish a spirit as those critics who, some time ago, had the decency to find fault with Mr. Cordiner for riding in a palanquin, when he might have walked on foot to be trodden to death by elephants for the king of Candy's amusement. We consider Mr. Pinkney to have travelled for his own pleasure, not for ours; we are much indebted to him for the information he has given us, and have no right to complain of him for not encreasing the weight of that debt, to the manifest detriment of his own comforts. Who thinks of abusing a friend for sending him a brace of partridges, when he might at a greater expence have furnished him with a turtle?

Our traveller sets out in the best of all possible humours, with the apparent determination of being pleased with every person and every occurrence he meets with. He accordingly has no sooner landed on French ground than he proposes (with an air of originality) the often agitated question, whether that gay complaisance which manifests itself on a hundred different opportunities every day be not on the whole productive of more happiness to mankind, than the exalted benevolence or real generosity of character, which, though of incalculably higher individual importance, can be exercised, comparatively, on so few occasions, or in his own words, 'which is the most useful being in society—the light good-humoured Frenchman, or the slow meditating Englishman?' though he leaves this point undecided in words, it is easy to guess from his manner of expressing himself to which side Mr. Pinkney would incline the balance; and we shall candidly avow that our philosophy, or our prejudices, leave us not a moment's space to hesitate in dissenting from him altogether. With us there can never be a question between the utility of a single Howard, and that of all the most accomplished French courtiers in existence.

Yet are we much farther than this declaration may seem to imply from despising or undervaluing that minor degree of utility, which we only think that Mr. Pinkney estimates too highly when he sets it in competition with that arising from the exercise of virtues which dignify humanity, and exalt it to an almost angelic perfection. On the contrary, we think it much to be regretted that in the inconsistency

and imperfection of our nature, we should so seldom see united with the exercise of nobler virtues, the practice of that *every-day benevolence*, which is so much the more valuable as it never wants objects or opportunities for its employment. We really feel some portion of national shame in confessing that Mr. Pinkney might have travelled all England over without the least chance of meeting with so agreeable an adventure as that which befel him on the second day after his arrival in France, and which is only characteristic of what might well have occurred to him during every week of his residence in that land of true politeness. We can only refer our readers to the recital of Mr. Pinkney's visit at the house of a gentleman resident near Calais, to whom he had letters of introduction, such as, in England, would be considered as *handsomely* answered by a formal invitation to dinner; when the stranger, after sitting two or three hours undistinguished among a crowd of other visitors, would be suffered to depart without further attention. The very different reception experienced by our traveller is described with a degree of minuteness which, while it illustrates in the strongest manner the elegance of French manners, precludes the possibility of our quoting it as an example of them.

The same easy, good-natured, (we had almost said, friendly and affectionate) civility which accompanies the behaviour of Frenchmen to a stranger by nation, characterizes equally their deportment towards each other. In England, ladies, and to a certain degree even gentlemen, seem afraid of paying the slightest attention to others, unless previously introduced to them, or known at least by name and reputation. In France it is enough to have the air of gentility to be immediately on the most familiar terms of acquaintance with any other of the same rank whom chance may have thrown in one's way. This is, surely, the more sensible plan. It is easy enough to be upon the guard against any improper or unreasonable act of complaisance, and it need not disgrace a man to be on terms of civility with persons of bad or even infamous characters before he knows them to be so.

One instance, among many, of this kind of first-sight acquaintance (though somewhat late in the volume) we shall here introduce before we proceed to considerations of another nature. Our traveller is now in company with a family of persons of fashion, with whom he performed the

greatest part of his journey. It consists of Mr. Younge, secretary to the American embassy, his lady, (the beautiful niece of the celebrated Lally-Tolendal), and Mademoiselle St. Sillery, (the no less beautiful niece of Mrs. Younge). Had these ladies been Englishwomen, they would probably have been rather displeased as well as astonished, at the frequent use which their fellow traveller makes of their names in a published work, and his free recital of a hundred little words and actions, which, though very harmless in reality, and undoubtedly contributing much to the pleasure of the tour while actually performing, were not, we should imagine, designed to appear in print. For instance, where he records that Mrs. Younge was jealous of her husband's attentions to a pretty chambermaid, and where he feelingly describes his emotion on discovering, or thinking that he discovers, a penchant in the charming Mademoiselle St. Sillery towards himself, our fair countrywomen might be apt to conceive that Colonel Pinkney had sacrificed the fidelity of a true chevalier to that of a true historian. But perhaps it is otherwise across the channel. Now to our tale—

'We entered the forest of Ancennis as the sun was setting. This forest is celebrated in every ancient French ballad, as being the haunt of fairies and the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. The road through it was over a green turf in which the marks of a wheel were scarcely visible, the forest on each side was very thick. At short intervals narrow footpaths struck into the wood; our carriage had been sent before to Ancennis, and we were walking merrily on, when the well-known sound of the French-horn arrested our steps and attention. Mademoiselle Sillery immediately guessed it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies and a gentleman, who issued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tastily habited in the favourite French dress after the Dian of David; whilst the blue silk jacket and hunting-cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance necessarily took their attention, and after an exchange of salutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either side, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refreshing themselves in an adjoining dell. "We have had a party at archery," said one of them, "and Madame St. Amande has won the silver bugle and bow, the party is now at supper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not suffer us to repent having met you, by refusing to accompany us." Mademoiselle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation and looked rather blank when Mrs. Younge declined it, as she wished to proceed on

her road as quickly as possible. "You will at least accompany us merely to see the party." "By all means," said Mademoiselle Sillery. "I must really regret that I cannot," said Mrs. Younge. "If it must be so," resumed the lady who was inviting us, "let us exchange tokens, and we may meet again." This proposal so perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crescents, which had the appearance of being of considerable value. Madame Younge returned something which I did not see. Mademoiselle Sillery gave a silver cupid, which had served her for an essence-bottle. The gentleman then shaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted mutually satisfied. "Who are these ladies?" demanded I. "You know them as well as we do; replied Mademoiselle Sillery. "And is it thus," said I, "that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?" "Yes," replied she, "all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we; it is to general advantage to be pleased and to please each other."—"But you embraced them as if you really felt an affection for them."—"And I did feel that affection for them," said she, "as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power and would even have made sacrifices to serve them."—"And yet if you were to see them again, you would perhaps not know them."—"Very possibly;" replied she, "but I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly transient, but not insincere."'

If credit be given to Mr. Pinkney's observations, in any thing like their full extent, those among us have formed very wrong and very fanciful conclusions who are so fond of haranguing on the misery of our neighbours under the tyrannic government of Bonaparte. The fact much more probably is, that in that extraordinary man the French nation has at last found a ruler exactly suited to its character and disposition. Our traveller is not very frequent in his philosophical or political remarks; but his book abounds in statements from which, if considered as correct, such deductions may easily be made by the reader, and this we have always held to be a much more instructive, as well as entertaining mode of writing travels than the grave and sententious method adopted by the generality of our English tourists.

From his accounts of the peasantry in various parts of the empire which he visited, we should be inclined to believe that class of inhabitants most essentially improved in their condition by the progress of the revolution. Let us take a few extracts by way of specimen. Speaking of a pretty female companion whom he overtook on a walk near Calais, he says,

'I learned in the course of my walk that she was the daughter of a small farmer: the farm was small indeed, being about half an arpent, or acre. She had been to Calais to take some butter, and had the same journey three mornings in the week. Her father had one cow of his own, and rented two others, for each of which he paid a louis annually. The two latter fed by the road-sides. Her father earned twenty sols a day as a labourer, and had a small pension from the government as a veteran and wounded soldier. Upon this little they seemed, according to her answers, to live very comfortably, not to say substantially. Poultry, chesnuts, milk, and dried fruit, formed their daily support. "We never buy meat," said she, "because we can raise more poultry than we can sell."'

'I passed several cottages, and entered some. The inhabitants seemed happy, and to possess some substantial comforts. The greater part of these cottages had a walnut or chesnut tree before them, around which was a rustic seat, and which, as overshadowed by the broad branches and luxuriant foliage, composed a very pleasing image. The manner in which the sod was partially worn under most of them explained their nightly purpose; or, if there could be any doubt, the flute and fiddle, pendant in almost every house, spoke a still more intelligible language. I entered no house so poor, and met with no inhabitant so inhospitable, as not to receive the offer, either of milk, or some sort of wine; and every one seemed to take a refusal as if they had solicited, and not obtained, an act of kindness. If the French are not the most hospitable people in the world, they have at least the art of appearing so. I speak here only of the peasantry, and from first impressions.—The rent of one of these cottages of two floors and two rooms on each, is thirty-five livres. They have generally a small garden and about a hundred yards of common land, between the road and the house, on which grows the indispensable walnut or chesnut. The windows are glazed, but the glass is usually taken out in summer. The walls are generally sea-stone, but are clothed with grape-vines, or other shrubs, which curling around the casements, render them shady and picturesque. The bread is made of wheat-meal, but in some cottages consisted of thin cakes, without leaven, made of buck wheat. Their common beverage is a weak wine, sweet and pleasant to the taste. In some houses it very nearly resembled the good metheglin, very common in the northern counties of England. Eggs, bacon, poultry, and vegetables, seemed in great plenty, and, as I understood, composed the dinners of the peasantry twice a week at least. I was surprised at this evident abundance in a class in which I should not have expected it. Something of it, I fear must be imputed to the extraordinary profits of the smuggling which is carried on along the coast.'

In the foregoing passages, he is only speaking of the peasants of one particular district, that of the environs of Calais; but the reader will find, as he proceeds, that this is a tolerably faithful picture of those in the other provinces, es-

pecially Anjou, Touraine, and the Bourbonnais. The great fertility of the soil and delightful temperature of these regions, contribute, undoubtedly, no less to the essential comforts of the inhabitants than to that peculiar enjoyment which, throughout every class of society in France, springs from a gaieté de coeur, that no circumstances of distress or adversity can entirely banish from the soul of a Frenchman. The rustic dance, which one is apt to consider in this country as the mere fiction of an opera or masquerade, forms part of the daily occupation of a French peasant, whose hardest labour is cheered by the prospect of this national recreation at the close of evening. In it he seems to lose the memory of every care and sorrow, and even the recollection of his own condition. It is here that equality, (that vain shadow which some time ago led astray the heated populace,) has an actual existence: the sound of the fiddle levels every distinction, when, animated by a common impulse, the lords and ladies of the place are often seen to mingle without ceremony in the joyous circle around them.

The state of husbandry throughout France appears by the report of this writer to be a full century behind that either of our own country or of America. It is in this point, probably, that the influence of war and of the system of conscription is most severely felt. The price of labour is very high in comparison with the rates of provisions and the value of land. Mr. Pinkney more than once strongly combats the expectations of those who, from the extreme cheapness of living and fertility of soil, might be tempted to settle in France with a view to agriculture.

'Nothing is so absurd,' he says, 'as the expectation of a foreign purchaser, and particularly of a gentleman, that he will be able to transfer the improved system of cultivation of his own country into a kingdom, at least a century behind the former. As far as his own manual labour goes, as far as he will take the plough, the harrow, and the broad-cast himself, so far may he procure the execution of his own ideas. But it is in vain to endeavour to infuse this knowledge or this practice into French labourers; you might as well put a pen into the hands of a Hottentot and expect him to write his name. The ill success of half the foreign purchasers must be imputed to this oversight. An American or an Englishman passes over a French or German farm, and sees land of the most productive powers reduced to sterility by slovenly management. A suggestion immediately arises in his mind, how much this land might be made to produce under a more intelligent cultivation? Full of this idea, he perhaps enquires the price, and finding it about *one-tenth* of what such land would cost in England, immediately makes his purchase, settles, and begins his operations. Here his eyes are soon opened.

He must send to England for all his implements; and even then his French labourers neither can nor will learn the use of them. An English ploughman becomes necessary; the English ploughman accordingly comes, but shortly after becomes miserable among French habits and French fellow-labourers. In this manner have failed innumerable attempts of this kind within my own knowledge. It is impossible to transplant the whole of the system of one country into another. The English or the American farmer may settle in France and bring over his English plough and English habits; but he will still find a French soil, a French climate, French markets, and French labourers. The course of his crops will be disturbed by the necessity of some subservience to the peculiar wants of the country and the demands of the market. He cannot, for example, persevere in his turnips, where he can find no cattle to eat them, no purchasers for his cattle, and where, from the openness of the climate in winter, the crop must necessarily rot before he can consume it. For the same reason his clover cultivation becomes useless. To say all in a word, I know not how an English or an American farmer could make a favourable purchase in France, though the French government should come forward with its protection. The habits of the country have become so accommodated to its agriculture, that they each mutually support the other, and a more improved system can only be introduced in the proportion in which these national habits can be fundamentally changed. But such changes must necessarily be gradual and slow, and must not be reckoned upon by an individual.'

The long continuance of war must operate as a fatal check to that spirit of improvement which the revolution seemed calculated to excite, and which it is the policy, and apparently the desire of the French government to encourage. It is not to be expected that agriculture will advance while so large a proportion both of the cultivators of the soil, and of the great landed proprietors are engaged in personal service at a distance from their native country. It remains to be proved whether the present ruler of the empire understands the true interests of the people whom he governs, or will ever evince the same anxiety to promote them that he has already shewn in the advancement of establishments more flattering by their exterior splendour and magnificence to the characteristic vanity of the nation.

The state of the highways, (which, we believe, have been more than once remarked to flourish most under governments approaching to depotic), was always distinguished for its excellence under the Bourbons, and has (we are informed) been brought to a yet higher pitch of improvement by Bonaparte. But the conveniences of travelling have by no means encreased. Posting in France is as execrably bad as it was a

century ago; and at the same time it is almost as expensive as in England.

The accommodation to be met with in the French inns is such as would excite the spleen of most English travellers; yet, from the following apparently fair comparison between them and those to which we are accustomed, the advantages of each may seem more evenly balanced than the exterior of the former would promise.

'In substantial provision and accommodation, the French inns are not a whit inferior to the English of the same degree; but they are inferior to them, in all the minor appendages. In point of eating and drinking the French inns infinitely exceed the English; their provisions are of a better kind and much cheaper; we scarcely slept any where, where we could not procure fowls of all kinds, eggs and wine.—Add to this the dessert, of which an English innkeeper except in the most expensive hotels, has not a single idea. In France, on the other hand, in the poorest inns, in the most ordinary hedge ale-house, you will have a dessert of every fruit in season, and always tastily and even elegantly served. The wine is infinitely better. In the article of beds, the French inns exceed the English; if a traveller carry his sheets with him, he is always secure of an excellent hair-mattress, or, if he prefer it, a clean feather-bed.—The French inns are inferior in their apartments,—The bed-room is too often the dining room. The walls merely whitewashed or covered with some execrable pictures. There are no such things as curtains, at least they are never considered as necessary, neither soap, water, nor towel. A Frenchman has no idea of washing himself before he breakfasts. The furniture in the worst condition, &c. &c. There are no bells; and the attendants are more frequently male than female, though this practice is gradually going out of vogue.'

To this balance of conveniences and inconveniences it must in justice be added that Mr. Pinkney estimates the comparative expence attending inns of the same rank in the two countries at one fourth in France of what it is in England.

The spirit of gallantry, i. e. licentiousness, has certainly been by no means checked in the progress of the revolution; and if we were to take some of Mr. Pinkney's statements in the sense which an Englishman would be inclined to ascribe to them, our conclusion would be that the scandalous maxim, 'every woman has her price,' has been reversed, in France, in a manner by no means favourable to morality. There it would seem as if 'every woman may be had without any price at all.' As this, however, is to suppose an almost impossible state of society, our opinion must be qualified, first, by restraining the generality of the expressions which gave

birth to it, and next and principally by referring to the difference of manners and customs. The very freedoms which in one place are considered as decisive evidence of criminality, may in another (such is the force of habit) be regarded with as much indifference as the coldest salute. Two general maxims are often repeated in this book as the foundation of the code of gallantry throughout the nation. Every woman must be addressed in the language of love; and there is no distinction of rank in the sex. A fille-de-chambre is, universally, on an equality with the emperor of France.

We have long been of opinion that the present government is fixed on a much surer foundation than some sanguine calculators among us are ready to acknowledge. It is the policy, if not the inclination, of all Frenchmen to extol the virtues of their ruler and to express their entire satisfaction under the reigning system. The real sentiments of a nation cannot long be at variance with their general expressions. Whatever some may believe, and many more desire, with regard to the probability of a counter-revolution originating in the temper of the people, we believe that there never has been a period at which such an event was more unlikely to happen than the present. It is not that the more intelligent ranks of society are blind to the personal vices of Bonaparte, to the acts of injustice by which he usurped his station or the absolute tyranny by which he supports it. But there are none who do not remember the infinitely worse condition from which his genius has delivered them: and there accordingly appears to be a tacit convention among all orders of the nation to bury in silence every recollection which may have a tendency to disturb their present tranquillity. If to this be added the immediate interest which a very large proportion of the people have in the maintenance of the prevailing system, and the yet more powerful operations of national vanity and the love of an imaginary glory, it seems hardly possible that a reflecting mind should not immediately divest itself of every expectation which points towards a new convulsion in the interior government of the French empire. We are now speaking only of present appearances, by no means anticipating the consequences which may arise from the death of Bonaparte or from any signal reverse in the hitherto unconquered progress of his arms.

The following slight conversation is, we believe, no unfaithful specimen of the state of public opinion in France with respect to its ruler, and it should be remembered that the personage introduced was so far from being under obligations to Bonaparte that he had just been disappointed in

a suit of great importance, and apparently reasonable in its object. Our traveller is speaking of some houses in the neighbourhood of Montreuil.

'One of them belonged to one of the gentlemen who accompanied me from M. St. Quentins, and was his present residence, being all that remained to him of a noble property in the vicinity. This property had been sold by the nation, and the recovery of it had become impossible, though the gentleman was in tolerable favour with the government, Bonaparte had answered one of this gentleman's memorials by subscribing it with a sentence in his own writing: _ 'We cannot re-purchase the nation.' This gentleman, spoke highly, but perhaps unjustly, of the vigour of Bonaparte's government, of his inflexible love of justice, and his personal attention to the administration. I compelled him, however, to acknowledge that, in his own immediate concerns, the justice of the French chief was not proof against his passions. I mentioned the duke of Enghien: the gentleman pushed on his horse, and begged me to say no more of the matter.'

The detestation of tyranny, so natural and so honourable to Englishmen, has often led them to form very erroneous conclusions, never, perhaps, more so than in the overcharged representations, to which it has given rise, of the horrors of the French conscription. There can be no question but that the measure is, in itself, very arbitrary and oppressive; and we believe that in the nations newly submitted to the imperial yoke, especially among such of them as have ever enjoyed the blessing of a free constitution, the effects of it have been, and will long continue to be, most severely felt and most indignantly submitted to, whenever it may be deemed expedient to recur to it. But the case, we are persuaded, is far otherwise in France itself. Out of the number on whom the lot of conscription falls, a very large proportion are more dazzled by the prospect of military glory which it opens to their view than terrified by the concomitant evils of war or afflicted by the interruption of their domestic happiness. Many circumstances in the military system of Bonaparte tend to alleviate the hardships of the service, and to reconcile even parents, friends, and lovers, to a separation of no very dreadful continuance, and which opens the road to every degree and species of honour, glory, and emolument. We have actually shuddered at many stories which been related to us of the expedients at times resorted to for the purpose of evading this tremendous law, before we reflected that there is hardly one of those stories which may not be strictly paralleled in the history of our own militia system. At other times we have heard much of the hardship

that young persons of family and condition should be forced to serve in the ranks with their inferiors and even with the very refuse of the state. The generality of this evil, however, must be acknowledged very greatly to diminish its pressure. Substitution is to be obtained, though at an enormous price, and if personal service is preferred, or rendered necessary by the circumstances of the conscript, he has no sooner joined his division than he meets with many others in the very same situation with himself, and use soon reconciles whatever else remains that is repugnant to his feelings. We have been led into this train of reflection by recollecting the dreadful picture which an essay-writer not long since presented to our imaginations of the state of these very conscripts. On every road, near every great town in France, we were told, the traveller's philanthropy will be shocked by meeting crowds of worse than galley-slaves, chained by the feet to massy balls of iron or lead, and making the air resound with lamentations more piercing than ever were uttered by the Israelites of old, in their Egyptian bondage or Babylonish captivity. It happened that on his departure from Montreuil, Mr. Pinkney fell in with a gang of these miserable wretches, probably at that very time on their way to the frontiers, there to be killed off for the amusement of the emperor. We ought to apologize for presenting a picture so heart-rending to the eyes of the sympathizing reader.

'As I wished to reach Paris as soon as possible, I had ordered the chambermaid to call me up at an early hour in the morning; but was awakened previous to the appointed time by some still earlier travellers, a very numerous detachment of conscripts, who were on their march for the central depôt of the department. The greater part of them were boys, and were merry and noisy in a manner characteristic of the French youth. Seeing me at the window, one of them struck up a lively *reveillée*, and was immediately joined by others who composed their marching band. They were attended, and their baggage carried, by a peculiar kind of cart, a platform erected on wheels, and on which they ascended when fatigued. The vehicles were prepared, the horses harnessed, and the young conscripts impatiently waiting for the word to march. When I came down into the inn yard, no one was stirring in the house except the ostler, who, upon my mentioning the component items of my entertainment, very fairly, as I thought, reckoned them up, and received the amount, taking care to remind me of the chambermaid. Having with some difficulty likewise procured from him a glass of milk, I mounted and followed the conscripts, who, with drum and fife, were merrily but regularly marching before me. The regularity of the march continued only till they got beyond the town, and down the hill, when the music ceased, the ranks broke, and every

one walked or ran as he pleased. As they were somewhat too noisy for a meditative traveller, I put my horse to his mettle, and soon left them at a convenient distance.'

Notwithstanding the evident weight of misery which these poor wretches vainly endeavoured to conceal under the affectation of singing, and the yet more ponderous balls of iron, doubtless attached to the feet of every sufferer, though Mr. Pinkney was so blind as not to see them, we do not believe that Bonaparte incurs any risk of setting France on fire by his conscription.

Upon the whole, Mr. Pinkney's book affords a good deal of information without any deep research or laborious investigation. As a traveller, he sees little more than the surface of things, and does not pretend to discoveries more profound than it is possible for a mere traveller to make. His style is, in general, light, pleasing, and unaffected. He falls into occasional inaccuracies, and sometimes is even guilty of vulgarisms in expression, which we should expect an English gentleman to have avoided, but the instances are rare, and by no means so striking as we have frequent occasions of remarking in most American writers. He pretends to nothing beyond a simple narrative of what he saw and remarked during the course of an extremely pleasant tour through some of the most lovely countries in Europe; and we have been more entertained, perhaps more instructed also, by these communications than by the sage reflections of many a more assuming traveller.

ART. XI.—*Facts and Experiments on the Use of Sugar in feeding Cattle: with Hints for the Cultivation of Waste Lands; and for improving the Condition of the lower Orders of Peasantry, in Great Britain and Ireland.* pp. 121. Harding. 1809.

IT is the object of this work, to recommend the use of sugar to the notice of the public, as a more economical mode of feeding cattle, than any which is at present employed. The patriotic author tells us that heath or lyng, which usually grows in the most barren spots, may, by 'the assistance of molasses or sugar,' be converted into the most nutritious food. With respect to horses we are informed, that 'a certain quantity of sugar makes much less corn answer the purpose.'

'It may be given either in their drink in the stable-bucket, mixed with water, or properly diluted and sprinkled among their chaff; in which case, the quantity of hay may be reduced if you please, until, by degrees, you give none at all; the molasses communicating to cut straw that nourishment which is, at present, derived from the hay, and by that means saves an immense deal of expence: for beyond all doubt, hay is the dearest food that can be given to horses, or indeed, to any other kind of beast: and if it was once properly known that a substitute could be had, better and cheaper, as well as more easily attainable, I believe, in a very short time, we should find a great deal of what is now kept up for meadow land, and carrying a most wretched crop for want of manure, put under tillage, and paying the farmer double or treble what it now does, when he finds that his straw will support, not only his horses, but also his cows, heifers, and calves: and bring them through the winter better and cheaper than he formerly did upon hay. Besides, it frequently happens, that a farmer calculates in such a manner, that the quantity of hay he lays in, is barely sufficient for the winter; and should the spring happen, as is frequently the case, to be cold and backward, and the grass late in coming forward, he is, in that case, reduced to the necessity of buying more hay, when the scarcity makes it, perhaps, nearly at a double price; or if he cannot afford that, he is compelled to sell his cattle at a very reduced value, rather than have them starved. That such cases are very common, every man, acquainted with farming concerns, must know; but independent of the cheapness of this mode of feeding, there is another consideration, which is no less worthy of attention, to which, every man, interested in the subject, ought to look; and that is, when cattle are brought *well* through the winter, the superiority of their appearance and condition in spring, either when put to grass or brought to market, is such as to command a price far above cattle of the same description indifferently wintered; and if young cattle, the difference in their growth is particularly remarkable. And I have no hesitation in saying, that molasses will shew itself in the condition of an animal, more than any other kind of food we know of. Cattle fed upon it, will come out in the spring, in fine condition: strong, healthy, and full of spirits; and of course, when put to grass, *they will begin to fill and thrive forthwith; whilst cattle taken from a straw-yard, where they have been indifferently fed during the winter, must be a considerable time on the grass, before they recover the starvation, and, consequently, take up so much time and food to no other purpose, which a thriving animal will convert to immediate profit.* This naturally leads me to remark, that wherever lyng or brackens can be had conveniently, farmers ought by all means to take advantage of them; or even rushes, when to be had, in any quantity; or dried leaves of trees, such as are to be found in autumn in plantations, are also an excellent food for cattle in winter, and I will venture to say, equal to any thing to be had as a substitute for hay; for let it be understood, *the nourishment is in the molasses.* What is hay itself, if you deprive it of its saccharine

quality? The coarse food only serves to fill up the stomach, and give it that distention which is absolutely necessary. That this is fact, may be proved by a very simple experiment. Let any man boil his hay for a short time, and after it has drained, give the liquid to one bullock, and the hay, thus boiled, to another, he will soon find, that the virtue has been communicated to the wash; and that the residuum is a matter without any nutritive qualities; and if he will continue to boil the wash before giving it to the animal, until it is reduced to one-fourth or one-eighth the quantity, he will soon find, that the nutritive part of the hay, is actually sugar; then let him see whether the value of such a quantity of hay laid out in West India sugar, would not produce him a much greater quantity of wash than he has been able to obtain from the hay; for as to its value after boiling, it is, as food, literally nothing: why then not use a cheaper substitute?

The author relates the following instance of the wonder-working virtue of molasses on a horse, of seventeen or eighteen years of age. He

'had been an old hunter, and consequently exposed to violent and sudden heats and colds, which had at last brought him into such a state of health, that no art or mode of feeding would put flesh on his bones. He became a mere skeleton, was turned out to grass, but all in vain; he was then taken into the stable, and, though most plentifully fed with hay and corn, he seemed to become daily worse; after some time he was condemned to be shot, as being considered of no use: it was then determined to try what effect sugar would have, as a fitter subject could not, perhaps, be found to prove its wonderful powers. The first week, he was fed upon hay and straw chaff, mixed in equal quantities; this was given to him in a box, with about one quarter of a pound of molasses, diluted in water, and sprinkled over it, at six different times in the day, in small quantities; his allowance of oats was diminished to a quart per day. In this way he was kept till the eighth day, when the molasses was increased to half a pound in the day; his allowance of corn the same as the first week. At the end of a fortnight, there was a visible alteration in the appearance of the horse; though not perceptibly fatter, his coat began to shine, his hair to lie smooth, and a great quantity of dust started from his skin in cleaning; he began to lie down more frequently, and the colour of his dung changed from what it was. The third week, the quantity of molasses was increased to three quarters of a pound each day, at the expiration of which he was to all appearance beginning to gather flesh; his corn this week was one quart in the twenty-four hours; his allowance of molasses was now increased to a pound in the day, which was mixed up with chaff made solely from straw; this allowance of corn was increased to two quarts, Winchester measure; at which rate of feeding he was continued, and in six weeks from the commencement of the trial on molasses, he was in as fine condition as any horse could be, to the astonishment of those who were accustomed to see him only a skeleton. The effect of the molasses was

truly wonderful, and what was the more remarkable, his condition continued good for a length of time after, at least as long as he remained in that neighbourhood.'

The author strongly recommends the practice of this mode of feeding to the cow-keepers of this country, particularly in the vicinity of large towns.—These persons are at present in the habit of employing distillers wash, but the author suggests that they might prepare from molasses a much more wholesome and nutritious wash than they could procure from the distillers. Under this system we are led to believe that the cows will give a richer milk and in greater quantity.

'But when dairy farmers come to ascertain, that by the use of molasses they can save so much expence in the article of hay, and have their butter so much increased, it will be a most powerful recommendation to this practice; and certainly straw is equally good food, where a sufficient quantity of molasses is used. It is also much in favour of this mode of feeding, that cows can be housed in the heat of the day; which should invariably be the case: and I would recommend the same rule to be observed as in fattening beasts,—that in feeding they should get a little and often, supplying them with plenty of water, and keeping them well curried and clean.

'Sugar or molasses will never, from its purity, impart any bad taste to the milk; whilst turnips and cabbages, the principal dependance in winter, are both of them apt to give a most rank and disagreeable taste to both butter and milk,—a matter deserving particular attention; and as to cheapness, I shall be very much deceived indeed, if by industrious management the farmer may not feed his cows cheaper with this new method, than he ever did before. In using this sort of food, as it is of a very nourishing nature, it would be advisable to milk the cows four times in the day.

'It is a fact well known to those who have attentively studied the subject, that in all great dairy-countries, the young stock decreases in number: this is supposed to be owing to the dairy paying so much better than rearing cattle. This is a circumstance much to be regretted, as the diminution of stock is a manifest injury to the country, for reasons which I have already pointed out: therefore, if any mode could be adopted of uniting the business of the dairy with that of rearing stock, without interfering with the present profits of the dairy-farmer, I am inclined to think such a practice would be of the greatest benefit to the country at large. This I am pretty confident can be done by the use of molasses or sugar; because the skim-milk, after the cream has been taken off for the churn, can, by the addition of that article, be rendered sufficiently nutritive, not only for the purpose of rearing calves, but also of making them fit for the butcher; this, if ever properly understood, and regularly introduced to general practice, would be found an improvement of vast consequence; the rearing of calves being an object of much pro-

fit to all farmers, particularly when it can be accomplished without any defalcation of the regular supply of their milk. And although such a plan may experience the fate of many new inventions; yet when it has had a fair trial, and prejudice becomes once conquered by the power of practice, it will be found, I have no doubt, that a dairy-farmer may, if he pleases, rear the entire of his calves without in the least interfering with his usual profits; and not only rearing them, but, I will venture to say, rearing them in a superior manner as to their growth and general condition. And if we calculate the additional profit a man may derive from a dairy of one hundred cows where the calves are reared to the same dairy, where he cannot do it the difference will be very great indeed, and operate as a very strong recommendation to give the mode now pointed out, a fair and impartial trial. Besides, it would be an additional recommendation, as putting it into the farmer's power to have a much better stock of milk-cattle: for certainly the female calves of those cows that are known good milkers, ought at all times to be reared. But as things are now circumstanced, the farmer is in most cases obliged to supply himself at fairs and markets, taking his chance for the quality of the cows he purchases; but should he have at all times the power of rearing his own stock, he could then keep himself constantly supplied with a breed, the excellence of which he had been well acquainted with.

'It is calculated, I believe, that from an acre and a half to two acres is allowed for the support of a dairy-cow. Now let us suppose that these two acres are appropriated to tillage instead of grass, and the straw cut into chaff for feeding the cows, mixed with a certain quantity of molasses; is it not reasonable to suppose, that by such management, the supply of butter will be at least as great as at present, and the profit to the farmer much increased by this mode of practice? but, above all, will the increase of our tillage not be a very material point gained on this occasion; not to take into consideration the consumption of the produce of our colonies, so much as our internal advantage? At present the principal use of straw is for making litter and to be trodden into dung: but will it not be a very great and serious improvement in the management of the farmer, if he can, whilst making his dung, be feeding his cattle and preparing fat beasts for the butcher? Will not his dung be improved by passing through the stomach of a cow or a horse, and his hay saved into the bargain? This theory at all events is well imagined, and I hope the practice is equally simple and easy.'

In the appendix we have an account of an experiment which was made of this mode of feeding cattle by Edmund Thomas Walter, Esq. who fed two oxen with a portion of molasses which were afterwards exhibited at Lord Somerville's show in last March, where they were honoured with the prize.

As sugar contains a greater quantity of nourishment than any other known vegetable matter, there can be no doubt

at first sight that it might be employed to great advantage in the feeding of cattle, but whether with such extraordinary success or to such an extent as the author seems to imagine must be left to more numerous 'facts and experiments' to determine. The author, like most men who make new discoveries, or give new life to old, is evidently very sanguine in his expectations; and we hope that time will prove that his hopes have not been more diffusively exuberant than the event will justify.—We know the natural temperament of all advocates for novel modes, whether in pharmacy, in agriculture, or in politics, and we know moreover, that where the delusion is very strong, it is too apt to render the mind inattentive to facts which militate against the favourite theory.—As we are not practical agriculturists, we can reason only from general principles; but we think that great praise is due to the philanthropy of the anonymous writer, and that his observations are well worthy the serious attention of the public.—Should his remarks be true, and his theory be practicable only to a very limited extent, much benefit must result both to the commercial, and to the agricultural interests from its adoption.—Nor is it one among the least of its secondary recommendations that it would apply a certain and efficient relief to the distresses of the West India planters, about which so much has been said, and to remedy which so many expedients have been proposed.—One of its primary advantages, would be that it would throw a much greater quantity of land into tillage; and that it would at the same time increase the growth of corn and the supply of meat.

CRITICAL MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—E'IPHNIK'ON. *A Sermon, preached in Holy Trinity Church, Kingston-upon-Hull, on Tuesday, July* 25, 1809, *at the Primary Visitation of the Most Reverend Father in God, Edward Lord Archbishop of York; by the Rev. J. H. Bromby, M. A. Vicar of the said Church, and late Fellow of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge.* 4to. *pp.* 28. 2*s.* 6*d.* Johnson. 1809.

IT does not often fall to our lot to peruse a sermon which is so well entitled to our approbation as the present. It is temperate, sen-

sible, pious, and benevolent. No discourse of superior excellence has been preached at the primary visitation of any bishop or archbishop in the period of our recollection.—The author commences his sermon with an enlightened and truly scriptural explanation of the nature of schism, which he defines not to consist in differences of opinion, but in a breach of charity.—The author then exhibits a brief, but just and luminous view of the original constitution of the christian church; and he says with a manliness of sentiment, which does him infinite honour, *when we consider the occasion on which he preached*, that the proposition

'that any church or any individual possesses an authority over the rest in virtue of succession from Christ, or the apostles, has no foundation but in uncertain tradition.'

How was this doctrine relished by some of the auditors, if any such there were who believe in the *apostolical* succession of the English hierarchy, and who think that our bishops, like those of the Popish church, derive a certain mysterious virtue from the imposition of hands?—Mr. Bromby then enters on a very rational and eloquent defence of the ecclesiastical establishment, of its services in a moral and intellectual point of view, and of its superiority to other churches, which have been supported by the civil power, in encouraging the practice of toleration.

In the conclusion of his discourse the author touches on the important question of ecclesiastical reform. This he does with equal wisdom and moderation. His remarks on the former use of the articles are very sagacious and just; and his reasons, for rendering the terms of communion with the church of England in the present times more comprehensive than they were left by the first reformers, are explained with perspicuity, and enforced with energy.

'After two hundred and fifty years,' says the author, 'of enquiry and experience in matters of religion; after the pains and the labours of the pious and learned of all denominations amongst us; when the scriptures are in the hands of every one; and every one is encouraged and enabled to read and to understand them; and when of the different sectaries, who by the sanction of law and the spirit of the times are released from the penalties once imposed on the rejecters and impugners of our articles, it can be said of none that they are not cordially attached to religion and to their country; shall we at this day affirm that the doors and the advantages of our church ought to be barred against any one on account of things, with which the fundamentals of religion have no concern?

'The best of men, it is to be expected, will differ, according to their respective views, as to the answer which ought to be given to this question. But it is to me a source of the truest satisfaction that the sentiments, which I entertain on this head, have the authority of men, whom I venerate as the friends of mankind and the most illustrious ornaments of our church. They have appeared to differ, it is true, with regard to the extent of the relaxation, which might

with perfect safety to the establishment be allowed; but they have been unanimous in the expression of their hopes and wishes that some attempt might be made (seeing every other attempt has failed) to obviate schism by concession; that the great changes, which length of time has produced in our manners and sentiments, and the situation of parties amongst us, may be attended with corresponding changes in our system of regulations and restrictions; and that we may not as a body remain stationary, when every thing within our influence is, by the very aid afforded by ourselves, continually improving.

'For my own part, so firm is my conviction that the more tolerant and friendly to liberty a church or a state is, the stronger and surer is the basis on which it rests: and so certain is it, that schism admits in the present day of no remedy from severity and coercion; and feeling, as I do, the most earnest solicitude for the interest and prosperity of the church, of which I am a member, I cannot avoid expressing my individual wish, that the articles of the church, to which an assent is now required by law, were allowed to give place to others more simple and comprehensive. I could wish, for instance, that we of the church of England were authorized to give 'the right hand of fellowship' to all, whose life and conversation are such as deservedly to engage our esteem and affection; that we could call by the name of brethren all, whom Christ will hereafter recognize as his servants; and that we had the concurrence in our professional labours of all those sons of learning and of piety, of benevolence and peace, who testify the correctness and soundness of their religious principles by their good works; whose creed is that of the apostles; who acknowledge the existence and the providence of God, the messiahship of Jesus Christ, the son of God, through faith in whom they look for acceptance and salvation, and the infallible guidance to truth and happiness of the holy scriptures, interpreted according to the best lights, which each one possesses.'

'By disentangling religious truth from secular interest, it would allow it to shine by its own light, and to make its way to the consciences of men by its own strength. It would abate the heat and soften the violence of religious controversy. It would give to the friends of religion and of the establishment a firmer support and steadier direction to their zeal, than they now possess. A benevolent person, who has many speculative points to defend, and consequently many opponents to encounter, feels it absolutely necessary to repress and restrain his zeal lest his charity should suffer abatement, and he should find himself irreconcileably at variance with multitudes of his fellow christians. Hence, doubtless, has proceeded the latitudinarianism prevailing in the church.—Besides, it has been always observed that zeal in support of abstract opinions is particularly apt to be carried to excess, and to become vindictive and intolerant. Others do not see certain truths in the same light with ourselves. They discern no force in the arguments which to us are convincing and incontrovertible. And consequently their obsti-

nacy is a direct attack upon the soundness of our judgment, and on our self-esteem: and we look upon as an enemy him, of whom we fail to make a convert. Hence we may date the origin of penal statutes, and prohibitory and persecuting restrictions on the promulgation of heretical opinions.

'But when articles of religion are few and plain, and evidently practical and beneficial in their tendency, our zeal for them cannot be too ardent and too active. Zeal for the welfare, the liberty, and the peace of mankind is received with a return of zeal, manifested in acts of grateful regard and affection. Thus harmony and mutual benevolence are extended and established amongst men. Christian love diffuses itself by reciprocal acts of kindness; by the provocation of each other to good works. And hence zeal in this case may with perfect safety be increased without limit, and indulged without control, since it is strictly united with charity.'

These are sentiments which are truly worthy a righteous disciple of Christ and an enlightened minister of the establishment. Should they ever become general among the clergy, and they are certainly more widely diffused than they were even at the beginning of the present century, a moderate, rational, and scriptural alteration of the liturgy and the articles must be the result.—The pale of the ecclesiastical communion will be enlarged, and a much greater portion of talents and of worth will enter into the sanctuary of the establishment. If the church really thinks herself in danger from the increase of sectaries of any denomination, she cannot adopt a more effectual method of providing for her security than by enlarging the basis of her communion. She will thus place all the intellectual ability and moral probity of the country on her side.—She may then bid defiance to every assailant; and the '*esto perpetua*' of interested expectancy would be converted into the ardent and heartfelt wish of every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of the community.—We have always been sincere and zealous advocates for the establishment; but then we have always wished that reason, scripture, and charity, instead of polemical absurdity and priestly intolerance, should constitute the great and broad basis of her liturgy and her articles.

ART. 13.—*The Unity of God, the Doctrine of Reason and Scripture, and the Foundation of Virtue and Happiness. A Discourse delivered in the Unitarian Chapel, Mansfield, May the 14th, and in the High Pavement Chapel, Nottingham, July the 2d, 1809. By Joseph Bull.* pp. 19. Eaton.

IT cannot be expected that the well-meaning author of this pamphlet should advance any new arguments on this subject; but we commend every honest attempt to repress error and to diffuse truth.

ART. 14.—*The Character of Paul the Pharisee, and Paul the Christian considered. A Sermon preached at Nottingham, June* 28, 1809, *at a Meeting of Ministers, and of the Northern Unitarian Tract Society. By Israel Worsley. pp.* 30. Eaton. 1809.

SAUL was a persecutor before he became acquainted with the merits of Christianity. His persecuting spirit originated in his Pharisaic pride, and in his ignorance of the genuine doctrines of Christ. All intolerance supposes the conceit of superior intellectual illumination, and, at the same time, a mind really destitute of that heavenly light which is emitted from the habit of meekness and of charity.—After his conversion the pharisaic pride of Paul was succeeded by the humility of Jesus; and his knowledge of the truth, though it made him zealous in defending it, yet it taught him patiently to endure persecution for its sake.—There is still a very general prejudice accompanied with a feeling of inveterate intolerance against that deserving body of men who are called Unitarian christians, many of whom, blessed be God! are to be found in the bosom of the establishment. But both this prejudice and intolerance are the effect of ignorance operating on pride or selfishness, or of pride and selfishness operating on ignorance. When the ignorance is diminished, which it must be by the light of scriptural truth which is daily becoming more resplendent, men will cherish the theology which they now revile. They will see its beauty, its utility, and its truth. They will no longer oppose it with the pride and intolerance of the Pharisaic *Saul*; but will support it with the ardour and the energy of the Christian *Paul.*

ART. 15.—*The Christian Code; or a regular Digest of the Christian Dispensation. By an old Graduate of Cambridge;* 4*to. pp.* 360. 1*l.* 1*s.* Lackington. 1809.

THE author, who is a layman, has displayed a very commendable degree of scriptural diligence in this ample digest of the Christian dispensation.—The book itself is hardly a fit subject for criticism. We do not agree with some of the doctrinal tenets, which the author seems to espouse; but we think that his work will form a useful book of reference for the clergy and other expositors of scripture.

ART. 16.—*Modern Orthodoxy identified with Antichrist. A Discourse delivered the* 22*d of June,* 1809, *at a Meeting of Unitarian Ministers, assembled in Boston, and published at their united Request. By John Grundy.* 12*mo, pp.* 27. 1*s.* Eaton. 1809.

IN this sermon there is much plain good sense without any striking attempts at originality of remark or novelty of illustration. The following passage, as it relates to a writer whose exertions in the cause of sound Christianity have obtained a considerable share of public attention, ought not to be passed over without some remark.

'Would that this champion had acted consistently in arming him-

self with Christian weapons only, instead of inviting the aid of any foreign power.' In a note Mr. Grundy informs us that this remark alludes to the' Barrister's Hints to the Public and Legislature,'when he adds, ' strange that one, who had before argued so ably and rationally, should afterwards contend that every man may entertain his own opinions, but not dare to publish them.'

If there was any real foundation for this reproof we should be among the first to give effect to it. A perfect freedom of discussion and of opinion on all subjects is a privilege, for which we shall ever be among the foremost to contend. But we are really at a loss to conceive from what page of the work alluded to any wish to suppress or abridge this privilege can be collected. The barrister appears to us to have expressed himself decidedly hostile to any attempt of this kind, and to have expressed his sentiments on the subject in terms as unequivocal and as direct as language can furnish. The strong desire which we feel to contribute to the public benefit which the labours of this writer appear likely to produce, makes us the more urgent to do him justice in this particular; we feel anxious at the same time to do justice to ourselves, for had we really discovered that the ' H nts' were inimical to the right of private judgment, and to the fullest freedom of opinion on religious subjects. we should never have bestowed upon it that unequivocal praise which it has hitherto extorted from us. The writer, we remember, has met the objection in the *third* part, and in our opinion has fully replied to it, and with the distinctions which are there taken, we think every sensible man will concur.

This sermon carries with it evidence of a mind accustomed to think and to think liberally. We wish that the perusal of it may induce its readers to go and do likewise.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*Vindication of the Hindoos from the Aspersions of the Reverend Claudius Buchanan, M. A. with a Refutation of the Arguments exhibited in his Memoir on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India, and the ultimate Civilization of the Natives, by their Conversion to Christianity. Also Remarks on an Address from the Missionaries in Bengal to the Natives of India, condemning their Errors, and inviting them to become Christians. The whole tending to evince the Excellence of the Moral System of the Hindoos, and the Danger of interfering with their Customs or Religion. By a Bengal Officer.* pp. 171. 5s. Rodwell. 1808.

ART. 18.—*A Vindication of the Hindoos: Part the Second, in Reply to the Observations of the Christian Observer; of Mr. Fuller, Secretary to the Baptist Missionary Society; and of his Anonymous Friend; with some Remarks on a Sermon preached at Oxford. By the Rev. Dr. Barrow, on the Expediency of introducing Christianity among the Natives of India. By a Bengal Officer.* pp. 217. 5s. Black, Parry. &c. 1808.

THESE two pamphlets by a Bengal officer of considerable abili-

ty and penetration, constitute altogether the best defence of the moral system of the Hindoos, and of its general influence on the lives and habits of the people, that has yet appeared.—The author boldly vindicates the Hindoo system, on the broad basis of its own merits; which he proves by a large induction of particulars.—He allows that 'there may be errors in their system, for what system is without them?' but he trusts that these will ultimately 'yield to the influence of improved reason and philosophy.'—'Religion,' says he, 'alone never corrected its own errors; nor ever will without the aid of reason; which first discovers those errors.—It is to this maturity of reason that we owe the Protestant religion; and yet the balance is kept in equipoise by half of Europe, who reject it.'—The Calvinistic missionaries tell the people of India that their Sastras are fit only for the amusement of children; and that they are the discourses of barbarians, which contain not the means of salvation. Yet the following are specimens of the religious and moral system of the Hindoos, which is reviled as puerile and barbarous.—

'When a man perceives in the reasonable soul, a disposition tending to virtuous love, unclouded with any malignant passion, clear as the purest light, let him recognise it as the quality of goodness.'

'A true knowledge of ONE SUPREME GOD is the most exalted of all sciences, because it ensures immortality.' 'In the knowledge and adoration of ONE GOD, which the Veda teaches, *all the rules of good conduct are fully comprised.*' 'Those whose undertakings are in him, whose souls are in him, whose confidence is in him, and whose asylum is in him, are, by wisdom purified from all offences, and go from whence they shall never return.' '*He, my servant, is dear unto me, who is free from enmity, the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrong, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions, and firm resolves; and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone.*'—Does the Calvinism of the missionaries contain any more rational, enlightened, or righteous sentiments than these?—Yet these are the sentiments which Mr. Claudius Buchanan and others represent as *childish tales* and *barbarous discourses.* Menu the great legislator of the Hindoos, says—'In proportion as a man who has committed a sin shall truly and voluntarily confess it, so far he is disengaged from that offence, like a snake from his slough.'—'In proportion as his heart loathes his evil deed, so far shall his vital spirit be freed from the taint of it.' 'Thus *revolving in his mind the certainty of retribution in a future state, let him be constantly good, in* THOUGHTS, *words and actions.*'—'To a man contaminated by sensuality, neither the Vedas, nor liberality, nor sacrifices, nor strict observations, nor pious austerities ever procure felicity.' 'As far as vital souls, addicted to sensuality, indulge

themselves in forbidden pleasure, even to the same degree shall the aruteness of their senses be raised in their future bodies, that they may endure analogous pains.' 'With whatever disposition of mind a man shall perform in this life, any act, religious, or moral, in a future body, endued with the same quality, shall he receive his retribution.' 'There are three passages to the infernal regions, lust, anger, and avarice; which are the destroyers of the soul.'—Will the code of methodism make the Hindoos acquainted with any truths more salutary than these?—We will now add a few more specimens of those religious and moral truths, which are taught among the Hindoos, and which the missionaries have the audacity to represent as *puerile* and *barbarous.*

'Iniquity committed in this world, produces not fruit immediately; but, like the earth in due season; and advancing by little and little, it eradicates the man who committed it.

'He grows rich for a while, through unrighteousness; then he beholdeth good things; then it is, that he vanquishes his foes; but he perishes at length, from his whole root upwards.

'Let a man continually take pleasure in truth, in justice, in laudable practices, and in purity; let him chastise those whom he may chastise, in a legal mode; let him keep in subjection, his speech, his arm, and his appetite.

'A wise man should constantly discharge all the moral duties, though he perform not constantly the ceremonies of religion; since he falls low, if, while he performs ceremonial acts only, he discharges not his moral duties.

'Giving no pain to any creature, let him collect virtue by degrees, for the sake of acquiring a companion to the next world.

'For, in his passage to the next world, neither his father, nor his mother, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his kinsman, will remain in his company; his virtue alone will adhere to him.

'Single is each man born; single he dies; single he receives the reward of his good, and single the punishment of his evil deeds.

'Continually therefore, by degrees, let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion; since with virtue for his guide he will traverse a gloom; how hard to be traversed!

'A man habitually virtuous, whose offences have been expiated by devotion, is instantly conveyed after death, to the highest world, with a radiant form, and a body of ethereal substance.

'Hospitality is commanded to be exercised, even towards an enemy; when he cometh to thy house: the tree doth not withdraw its shade, even from the wood-cutter.

'Whether he who is come to thy house, be of the highest, or even of the lowest rank in society, he is worthy to be treated with due respect; for, of all men, thy guest is the superior.

'It is declared by wise men, that the crime of him who shall forsake one, who, through want or danger, may come to him for protection, is the same as THE MURDERER OF A BRAHMAN; than which there is no greater crime on earth.

'To say, 'this is one of us,' or, 'this is a stranger,' is the mode of estimating practised by trifling minds; to those of more generous principles, the whole world is but as one family.

'Whatever places of torture have been prepared for the SLAYER OF A PRIEST, for the MURDERER OF A WOMAN, OR OF A CHILD; for the INJURER OF A FRIEND, and for an UNGRATEFUL MAN; those places are ordained for a witness who gives false evidence.

'Headlong, in utter darkness, shall the impious wretch tumble into hell, who, being interrogated in a judicial enquiry, answers one question falsely.'

Had we space, we should quote numerous other passages; but these are sufficient to prove that the religious code of the Hindoos encourages the most sublime piety, and the most comprehensive and refined humanity.—Whether the missionaries are likely to substitute any thing better in its stead we shall leave it to the reader to determine.

POETRY.

ART. 19.—*Brighton. A Poem, descriptive of the Place and Parts adjacent, and other Poems. By Mary Lloyd. pp.* 88. 5*s.* Harding. 1809.

AS the fair authoress, Miss Mary Lloyd, says, that she 'is young in poesy,' and hopes that 'her readers will be to her faults a little blind,' we can assure her that we shall not maliciously give her pain by our animadversions.—Though we cannot praise her poetical powers very highly, yet her poem of Brighton at least excells in accuracy of delineation. Miss Mary Lloyd has caught the prominent features of the place and the inhabitants.—In the following verses her own *sensations* will, we trust, on reconsideration, 'tell her that she has placed the 'royal *stables*,' a little too near the venerable *church*.'

'Above the modest dome* on yonder hill
In pleasing prospect stands the busy mill;
And where the verdant slope begins to lower,
The venerable church exalts her tower;
Or let thine eye with pleas'd attention roam,
To where the royal stables rear their dome.'

In her delineation of the company on the Steyne, some will object to the following epithet which is applied to the citizen's wife:

'Here stalks the cit with his *capacious* bride.'

* The pavilion.

The following is perhaps altogether as favourable a specimen as we could extract of Miss Mary Lloyd's poetical powers.

'Now trembles the last ruddy gleam of day,
And on the ancient church the parting ray,
Sheds a mild radiance, loitering twilight creeps
From the grey confines of the eastern deeps;
And here and there a twinkling star displays
His half-veil'd lustre, while the silver rays
Of modest Luna o'er the dark hills peep,
Now she climbs higher up the ethereal steep;
Now reach'd her southern summit,—see a stream
Of silvery light across the ocean gleam.
'Now to the wild rocks let us rove again,
And view the beauties of the moonlight main;
Ten thousand diamonds sparkle and expire,
Or dart from wave to wave their lambent fire:
And see where gliding o'er the shining space,
A vessel half becalmed, slow runs her race:
As if she loiter'd in the glitt'ring way,
Fearing to lose the soft, the cheering ray:
So gently moves the undulating deep,
As if the breeze had sung the wave to sleep;
Or in soft whispers told the refluent tide,
Softly along the rocky shore to glide;
While the fantastic rocks their shadows cast,
In deep repose along the stony waste.'

ART. 20.—*The Sons, or Family Feuds. A tragic Play, in five Acts. By T. Jones, Author of Poems, and Phantoms, or the Irishman in England, a Farce; Confined in vain, or a Double to do, a Farce, &c.* London. Sherwood. 1809.

THIS dramatic performance is not destitute of interest; the characters if they do not glow with animation, do not freeze with insipidity; the sentiments are natural, and the language, though sometimes incorrect, is in general perspicuous and unaffected. The author has sometimes attempted to mingle wit with his gravity; but this he had perhaps better not have essayed. It is difficult to excite at once two opposite sensations without weakening the force of either. The practical drift of the piece is the following, which we give in the words of the author.

'Hence learn ye parents, by the mournful scene,
The dreadful consequence of th warted love;
Think not the youthful mind, from virtuous paths,
Where honest inclination leads to turn
By harsh command, lest in the end events
Most dire, as now, shall mar your sanguine hopes.'

ART. 21.—*Poems; consisting of Translations, from the Greek, Latin, and Italian, with some originals. By Mrs. Ware, of Ware Hill, Herts.* 12*mo. pp.* 230. Cadell. 1809.

THESE translations consist of the Batrochomyomachia of Homer, the first, eleventh, and nineteenth Idylls of Theocritus; the first Idyll of Moschus; the first ode of Anacreon, the beautiful ode to health of Ariphron of Sicyon, the 'Ceyx and Alcyone,' the 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' the 'Perseus and Andromeda,' with the speech of Ajax from Ovid, twelve odes of Horace, with two pieces from Ariosto and Guarini. We have read these versions, and compared some of them with the originals, and found them in general faithfully to preserve the sense, though they often lose much of their primary freshness and animation. But Mrs. Ware deserves at least the praise of diligence, particularly when we recollect what she says in her preface that 'her knowledge of the dead languages has been acquired purely from private study without instructor or assistan.'

The following little specimen may not be unpleasing to our readers. It is taken from Hor. Carm. lib. 1. ode XXXI. We shall give the words of the original.

Quid dedicatum possit Apollinem
Vates? quid orat, de patera novum
Fundens liquorem? non opimæ
Sardiniæ segetes feracis;

Non æstuosæ grata Calabriæ,
Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;
Non rura, quæ Liris quieta
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnes,

'Say, what will be the poet's prayer,
When low he bows before thy shrine;
Should'st thou divine Apollo, hear,
When from the cup he pours the wine?

'He asks no rich Sardinian fields,
Nor scorch'd Calabria's fatted flock;
No spotless ivory India yields,
Nor gold from out her plenteous stock.

'Nor yet those plains where Liris meets
The sedgy shore with silent wave;
Where the insidious current eats
The land it only seems to lave.'

ART. 22.—*Rudigar the Dane, a legendary Tale. By Eaglesfield Smith, Esq.* 12*mo.* 1809.

THE following stanzas may serve as a specimen of this performance:

'The king of Denmark gave a feast
In Elsineur's high tow'rs;
And by his side sat Rudigar,
Who quell'd the Norway pow'rs.

'When swift, amidst the warrior crowd,
A woe-fraught courier ran—
"Bewail, bewail! Lord Rudigar!
"Thou art a childless man!

'"The fiery Saxons rose in arms,
"And murder'd ev'ry Dane;
"I saw the Redwald tow'rs in flames,
"Thy wife and child are slain!"

'Down sunk the head of Rudigar,
All speechless at the sound;
And, gushing from his eyes, the tears
Ran streaming to the ground.

'Year after year, the winter wind
Did hear his heavy groans;
And Jutland's caves and winding shores
Did echo to his moans.'

NOVEL.

ART. 23.—*Euston, a Novel, in two Volumes.* Chapple. 1809.

THIS work is written in a series of letters, which mode of communicating a story, unless *most excellently* finished, is apt to cast a dullness over the whole piece. This is not unperceived in the novel of Euston; though there is some ability and much good sense exhibited in the performance.

The hero of the story, Euston, is supposed to be the natural son of a Lord Stanley, a confirmed debauchée. Euston is placed, when a child, under the care of a clergyman of the name of Simpson, who was the pander to Lord Stanley's vices, and gained his preferment in the church by marrying a young woman whom his lordship had seduced. Though Euston frequently importuned Mr. Simpson to inform him who were his parents, he was never able to obtain this desired wish of his heart, from the stubborn silence of his tutor. The hero of the piece afterwards enters the army, but as it was at the time when the French revolution burst forth, Euston, sanguine and inexperienced, thinks his profession unlawful and burns with a *new enthusiasm*. '*Glory* was the word before, but now *it was liberty*.' He is represented also as cherishing a hopeless passion for the niece of Sir Edward Ashley, who is beloved by his particular friend and brother officer of the name of Sunderland. On this point one of the most interesting parts of the story hangs; which developes the friendship of the two lovers and the evident partiality of Matilda for Euston. Euston flies from the object of his adoration, and his friend finding that Euston is loved by Matilda, determines to sacrifice his passion and make them both happy.

Euston at length finds his father through the means of a friend, and finds him also unwilling to receive him as his son, but desires to be himself the lover of Matilda. Euston speaks such strong things to his unnatural parent that Lord Stanley threatens him (if he does not give up Matilda) with his vengeance, and tells him—'I have means of chastising you, which were I but to name them, would shake your intrepidity. Young man you are in my toils; and might as easily escape the hand of fate as my vengeance.'

After a time Lord Stanley perceiving that he could not bring over Matilda to his views, employs ruffians to seize Euston, who put him on board a vessel freighted by Lord S. with the intention of transporting him to some American port. The vessel founders; and Euston with a few sailors is picked up by a boat and put on board an American vessel bound for Kingston, after touching at Madeira. The vessel in pursuing her passage is captured by a French privateer, carried into Brest, and Euston is made prisoner. He however escapes to the coast after a time, and is taken on board a smuggling vessel, in the captain of which he recognises one of the ruffians, who was employed to seize him by order of his father. The captain, however, promises that he will cross the channel and see him safe in an English port. This he performs, and Euston restored to his country, hastens to the seat of Matilda's uncle, who during his mysterious absence had found means to come to some explanation with his father, Lord Stanley. Lord S. owned himself the person who had planned and executed his son's banishment; and at the same time (being reduced by sickness) some compunctious visitings of conscience induce him to acknowledge that the mother of Euston had been *legally* his wife; and that, if ever Euston returned, he would find that he had done his mother and himself ample justice by clearing the sullied fame of the one, and acknowledging the other as his legitimate son and heir. Euston returns most opportunely to attend his father in his last illness and to close his eyes. He is of course made happy in the knowledge of Matilda's affection and the recovery of his friend Sunderland's health and returning reason, who is represented as having been afflicted by temporary derangement, from disappointment of his love for Matilda and an exertion of enthusiastic friendship towards the lovers.

The character of Lord Stanley is marked with strong lines, as a confirmed seducer, and an unbeliever of every thing serious in religion or morality. Before his death, we find him detecting the fallacy of his former opinions and repenting of his unnatural conduct to his son and wife. The character of Euston is also ably supported in many points; but there is a degree of prosing dullness about it which we do not think will be much admired by our pretty young novel readers.

The story of the old man, who lost his intended son-in-law, and his only daughter, is the best and most interesting part of the whole.

MEDICINE.

ART. 24.—*A plain Statement, intended for the Information of the Public, of the comparative Advantages of the Cow-pox, and Small-pox Inoculation; with an Abstract of the Report of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and the Opinions and Testimonials of many of the principal Physicians and Surgeons on the Cow-pox. By T. Smith, M. D. late Physician to the Nottingham General Hospital, Fellow of the Royal Medical Society, Edinburgh, &c.* Mawman. 1809.

THOUGH vaccination was first practised in this country, and though the advantages attending it, have been copiously explained, and confirmed by numerous experiments, yet it has been so powerfully opposed either by the obstinacy of ignorance, or by the malignity of prejudice, that since the year 1804, small pox inoculation has among numerous members of the community been substituted for the vaccine. It may seem strange that a poison should be preferred to its proper antidote, and particularly in this enlightened country, and in this most enlightened part of it, the capital of Great Britain. But the reason is to be found only in the zeal with which error either endeavours to extend its dominion or struggles to prolong its sway. We have often thought it strange that large masses of men, some of whom have had the blessing of a liberal education, should prefer the virus of methodism to the mild correctives of genuine Christianity; but the surprise is greatly diminished, when we find in a matter which does not concern speculative so much as experimental truth, men prefer their bane to their bliss, filth to cleanliness, disease to health, and danger to security. This is evidently the case; for in the year 1804, when the vaccine inoculation was very general among the lower orders of the metropolis, the number of deaths by small pox amounted only to 629, while the annual mortality by the same disease, had previously on an average of six years been 1811. But in 1805, when small pox inoculation again rose into credit, owing to the arts which were employed to impair the credit of the vaccine, the number of deaths by small pox amounted to no less than 1680. But in other parts of the world, where the merits of the vaccine practice have not been traduced with similar violence or success, the ravages of small pox have been almost annihilated. We think that this pamphlet merits general circulation, as it is well calculated to remove prejudices against the vaccine practice, and to convince the less informed part of the community, who are always more influenced by example than by precept, and by authority than by reason, that the practice is expedient and safe, calculated at once to promote their health, their security and happiness.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 25.—*Adam and Margaret; or the cruel Father punished for his unnatural Conduct to his innocent Daughter. A Narrative of real Incidents, with some Reflections, and a Proposal for cultivating a Department of Literature to be entitled Private Biography. By Alexander Mollison.* 8vo. *pp.* 10. 1*s.* 6*d.* Constable. 1809.

THIS narrative of Adam and Margaret, which is said to be authentic, depicts in a very forcible manner the evils of that intemperance by which many a family in the lowest ranks of life, who might have risen to a state of comparative comfort and affluence by constant habits of sobriety and diligence, is plunged into squalid wretchedness, and excruciating want. The present history at the same time exemplifies that moral retribution, which, though often imperceptibly and invisibly, is constantly going on in the world, and which shows that vice has always a more near or more remote connection with misery. Such pictures of human life, as the work entitled Private Biography, of which this is a specimen, is proposed to delineate, must have a very beneficial tendency and deserve general encouragement. It must assist in accumulating facts which will greatly add to the force of moral precepts; and prove to the thoughtless and the dissipated the noble sentiment of a heathen poet, that:

> 'Rarò antecedentem scelestum,
> Deseruit pede Paena claudo.'
>
> Hor. Carm. iii. 2.

ART. 26.—*Letters from an Irish Student in England to his Father in Ireland. Vol. II.* Cradock. 1809.

This Irish *student* does not appear much to have wearied the *thinking faculty* in the present performance.—It is one of those ephemeral works which may be both written and read without much intellectual exertion.—The Irishman, however, *if Irishman he be*, has scraped together a variety of anecdotes, which may amuse the idle and the frivolous in a rainy day.—It is perhaps some merit to diminish the public stock of *ennui*.

---

* *The Alphabetical Catalogue of Books for this month, is printed at the end of the Appendix.*

List of Articles which with many others will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.

Warburton's Letters.
Bowles's Poems.
Molina's History of Chili.
Barrett's Life of Swift.
Sir Richard Steele's Epistolary Correspondence.
Cowper's Milton.
Ormsby's Letters on Portugal and Spain.

* Bound in at end of vol. 17, 3rd Ser.